Coming Events

Training Home Division.

Anniversary Demonstration

— AT —

BRANTFORD,

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, July 13th, 14th, 15th,

— LED BY —

MAJOR MARGETTS.

LONDON DIVISION.

Great Camp Meetings

— AT —

WOODLAND PARK,

JULY 1st to 9th, INCLUSIVE.

MAJOR MORRIS, 60 Officers and hundreds of Soldiers will take part.
Taste is hold five people, $3.00.
Special Sleeping and Eating accommodation. For all particulars, see Local Officers.

THEY TELL ME

There will be a big supply of Books, Photos, Caps, Clarionets, Uniforms, and I don't know what else at the

LONDON CAMP MEETING.

Now, Oh ye Officers, Soldiers, and Friends, scenre some good Reading Matter and Uniform, and get all your wants supplied.

Palmerston Division.

Great Camp Meetings,

AT MOOREFIELD, FIVE DAYS,

JULY 13th to 17th (INCLUSIVE),

Great Time Expected. "Guelph Brass Band, and "Silver Cornet Brigade" from London.

Hallelujah Wedding.

COMMISSIONER TO THE FRONT.

Staff-Capt. Banks

WILL VISIT:

PORT PERRY, Saturday, Sunday, July 13, 14
LINDSAY, Sat., Sun., Mon., July 20, 21, 22
Great Training Home Meetings.

Brigade-Captain Goodall

WILL LEAD

SPECIAL MEETINGS

— AT —

ORANGEVILLE,

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, JULY 6th and 7th.

The Rescue Work will be fully Explained.

HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE

HELMETS ?

They are Excellent and very Convenient for Summer wear.

PRICE 60 CENTS EACH.

They are Going! Going!! Going!!! Hurry up and Secure one!

THE BOUND

Canadian "WAR CRY"

FOR

1885 reduced to	...	$.00
1887 "	...	$1.00
1888 "	...	1.00

These are rare and special bargains. Send with the order enough cash to cover expenses.

Bound Volumes of the WAR CRY, for 1887, can be had of MAJOR MARGETTS, 77 Ulster Street, Toronto.

"The Holy Ghost"

Don't fail to get a Copy of the Pamphlet by

MRS. BOOTH.

— ON —

"THE HOLY GHOST."

PRICE 4 CENTS.

NOTICE!

Sick and Wounded and Poor Officers' Fund.

SUNDAY, JULY 7TH, is the day appointed for the Afternoon Collection for this Fund.

It must be apparent to all that the expenses in this direction are continuously heavy, and I invite the hearty co-operation of all Officers and Soldiers and Friends to use every effort to make the Special Offering a success.

The amounts received from every Corps will be published in the WAR CRY of July 20th.

Notice to Bandsmen!

IN WAR CRY No. 236 we inserted a complete list of the Band Journal in stock from No. 20 to No. 79. We now insert the latest numbers which we have in stock and the list will be very useful to Bandsmen in general.

(Cut this out for Reference.)

No. 80.—Jesus gives us Peace; Now I am Trusting in Jesus; The Cross now Covers my Sin.
No. 81.—Keep us True to the Salvation Army; From every Stain made Clean; We will Stand our Ground.
No. 82.—Roll the old Chariot Along; The Cleansing Blood.
No. 83.—Nothing but Thy Blood can Cleanse me; Come, March Along; Let me hear Thy Voice now Speaking.
No. 84.—A Place in the Army for all; Hallelujah.
No. 85.—Faith's Ascent; Trusting.
No. 86.—Fighting for Victory; Oh, Tare ya.
No. 87.—Salvation Doctor; The Army Sets of Fire.
No. 88.—A Never-failing Friend; I Have not Much to Give Thee, Lord.
No. 89.—Army of the Brave; Far Away Across the Sea; Stop Poor Sinner.
No. 90.—Christians Rouse thee; The Voice of the Lost.
No. 91.—Beyond the River; True as Steel; Behold the Saviour.
No. 93. Saviour draw Nearer; Sing Glory, Glory; Under the Flag.
No. 94.—Fight for God and Souls; Winning Precious Souls; Joy Without Alloy.
No. 95.—Careless Sinner; *He is Bringing to His Fold*; Oh how He Loves.
No. 96.—Trumpets call to War; The Army's Going Up.
No. 97.—We're Enlisted "All the World"; In the Ranks.
No. 98.—Sound out the Gospel Message; Jesus Meet me.
No. 99.—Forward with Sword and Drum; Roll on the Gospel Chariot; Landed up in Glory.
No. 100.—A Crown of Peace; Sad and Weary; Christ is Mine.
No. 101.—Never Quit the Field; Praise the Lord I am Saved; The Judgement Throne.
No. 102.—Glory to God; Come to Me; Oh Let the Saviour Come in.
No. 103.—Never say Die (Mus. Sal., March, 1889); Ye Must be Born Again (Mus. Sal., Nov. 1888).
No. 104.—This is Why I Love my Jesus (Mus. Sal., May, 1889); Sinners Coming Home (Mus. Sal., Oct., 1888); Old Hundredth.

Price, 40 Cents per Set of 12 Sheets, or 3 Sets for $1.

THE JUNE NUMBER

OF THE

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

— OF —

"ALL THE WORLD,"

A Monthly Record of the Work of The Salvation Army in all Lands. is Now Ready.

Forty-Eight Pages. Price 10 Cents

WITH FRONTISPIECE.

ATTENTION!

"Musical Salvationist"

The July number will commence the fourth volume, and the opportunity is thus offered to our comrades and friends to become, if they are not already Subscribers to the "Musical Salvationist," so gaining the advantage of having at the earliest chance the newest songs of the Army as produced for the Musical Salvationist from all parts of the world where the Army flag is flying. The annual subscription is 2s. 6d.

The July number will contain the first supply of a large store of new and important songs already in hand. Some fifteen or twenty fresh composers, besides those whose names are now well-known in connection with songs printed in previous volumes, are at work to make the future numbers of great interest and value.

The July number, now in preparation, will contain the following songs, to which will be found attached seven names which appear for the first time:—

1. "I being, my all to Thee, dear Lord." Words by W. Bramwell Booth, Chief-of-Staff.—2. "I'm clinging to the Cross."—3. "A Friend for all." Words and music by Staff-Capt. Hancox, South Africa.—4. Sound out the proclamation." Words by Adjt. H. Stephens, Australia.—5. "The healing stream of Calvary." Words and music by Capt. W. M. Hawkins, New Zealand.—6. True to God and the Army." Words by Capt. Pattie Watkins, United States.—7. "The pleading Saviour." Words and music by Private A. K. Webber.—8. "Home for the wanderer." Words and music by Adjt. Parkyn.

Price 15 Cents, Post Free.

Headquarters, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

To accommodate City Soldiers, this Department will be open every Tuesday Night until 8 o'clock.

STAFF-CAPT. WALTON.

MISSING

All advertisements under this heading free of charge. Owing to the great demand upon this column we cannot, for the present, undertake to insert any advertisement longer than three continuous issues.

FRED FOYLE, painter by trade, aged 21 years old last September, who left his home some years ago last November, and was last heard from in Boston, Mass., 5 years ago. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts please write to Mrs. Foyle, Chatham, N. B. 7,7,'89

MRS. MASTERS.—Any information as to her whereabouts, last heard from at 95 Ontario Road, St. John, N. B., would be gratefully received by Capt. J. E. Milner, 104 Lippincott St., Toronto. Can. 6,7,'89

WILLIAM MCIVOR, who left his home in Chatham, N. B., seven years ago, last heard of in San Francisco. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please write to his mother, Mrs. Ann McIvor, Chatham, N. B. American War Cry please copy. 5,7,'89

JAMES MOWBRAY, [illegible] was seen in Wallaceton, last heard of in Caledonia. His father is very anxious about him. Will anyone knowing his whereabouts send word to Mr. Johnston, baker, Wallaceton, Ont. American Cry please copy. 5,7,'89

ROBIN BOOTH, who was a business man in Goderich. Wanted to know his whereabouts. Any information will be kindly received by Eliza Booth, 97 Queen St. West, Toronto. 6,7,'89

Charles Dwinnell, now living in Hillsdale, is very anxious to hear from his brother, DAVID DWINNELL, last heard from in Port Huron. Any information from anyone of where he is will be thankfully received. Address, Charles Dwinnell, Hillsdale, Ont. 6,7,'89

DAN SMITH, brass finisher, of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, last seen in Manchester about seven years ago. His brother Albert, who came to Canada about the same time, will be very glad to hear from him or anyone knowing his whereabouts please send address to Albert Smith, Delaware Avenue, Toronto. 6,7,'89

ANN CASLER was last heard of in Devonport, England, six years ago. Any information in regard to the above will be thankfully received by Mrs. Joseph Christre, Peterboro, or Mrs. John Sproyt, Millbrook. English War Cry please copy. 6,7,'89

WILLIAM NOBLE left the county of Roxburgh, Scotland, thirty-one years ago for Canada. He was a railway conductor. Should this meet his eye or anyone knowing his whereabouts please communicate with his brother, Mr. Joseph Noble, Seaforth, Ont. American Crys please copy. 29,6,'89

ANDREW MARTIN.—When last heard from he was living near Sanpiere Station, Stark Co., Indiana. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his mother and brother. Address L. D. Martin, box 233, Galt P.O., Ont. American Crys please copy. 29,6,'89

CHARLES POWERS who is supposed to have left London, Ont., about the beginning of August 1886, for British Columbia. Anxious to hear from or of his mother. He has not been heard of by his friends since. His parents who have good news for him are very anxious to hear from him or anyone knowing his whereabouts. Address, 126 Dundas Street, Toronto. 29,6,'89

JESSIE SHEPHERD left St. John's, Nfld., some months ago and has not been since heard from. She was living in Charlottetown with a woman by the name of Mrs. Roberts, Her mother, Mrs. Selina Shepherd, of St. John's, Nfld., would like any information concerning her daughter. 29,6,'89

MRS. JOHN MCMILLAN, maiden name Mary MacSporran, last heard of in London, Ontario, Canada. Your sister Elizabeth would like to hear from you or any of your family. Address, Mrs. John Campbell, Stonefield, Riverton, Otago, New Zealand. 29,6,'89

FRED H. BISLE wishes to know if he has one aunt. Fred was born in New York, June 10th, 1855. When about 1 year and 9 months old his father died. He has no one but his father's sister, her name being SCHAFER or SHAVER. After the father's death Fred's mother came to Canada and resided in the village of Fredericksburg, now called Delhi. The mother died when Fred was 12 years of age. Any information will be heard from since by any of the family. Fred would be willing to give $5 to any person who gives him any information which shall lead to his aunt's whereabouts. Write to Staff-Capt. Real, Salvation Temple, Toronto 29,6,'89

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

ONE CENT PER COPY, 8 cents per annum. Printed with all S.A. publications at the Parent Printing House, 18 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST NEWS of the war, with spicy articles by the General, Mrs. Booth, and Addresses and Notes to Officers and Soldiers. There is no more efficient way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of The WAR CRY, which is circulated, and seen by thousands while passing through the hands of one person. Let every Soldier do his part to arouse all who read it to a more zealous and energetic effort for the Kingdom of the Most Out, and the more unbiased efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Printed, with all S.A. publications, at the Parent Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

What about 'SOWING THE WIND' on Page 1 of this Cry? Have you read it?

"A Dream of Hell!" (with illustration) continued in next WAR CRY.

Camp Meetings

— AT —

BIG BAY POINT.

Salvationists always believe in having a good beginning as well as a good finish. Thus our faith ran high for a good Sunday in camp. Rose-bell, led by Capt. and Lieut. from Orillia, was a heaven-on-earth time. Oh, how near God came to us, as over one hundred soldiers and officers met for a good time for the day. Hallelujah!

The theme for the morning meeting was to have been a sermon by the Commissioner on the Christianity of Christ. He was unable to, on account of sickness. His place was filled by Colonel Bailey, Mr. Ooodeham, and others from Toronto. Mr. Ooodeham took wall hold of the subject. As he read to us from Ezekiel and St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, God applied it to our hearts. Deliverance came. Six souls for purity and salvation came out at the close. Praise God.

Sunday afternoon opened again well with a good crush of people. Many in buggies and carriages sat listening to the "I'll-tell-you-what-the-Lord-has-done-for-me" time. "Hesitamy soul free" was sung, as that was to be the keynote of the meeting. Then some grand testimonies, of which I give a few. "Happy Jane" from Barrie told us God set her soul free. Then Sister Walker said she used to carry the devil on her back as well as in her heart, but Christ had saved her and the devil was turned out. Another testimony was that as free as a squirrel which he had seen journeying from tree to tree, and indeed God did bless us. Everybody felt jumping happy. Hallelujah! Corporal Rennie sang as a song to the tune of "Yellow, Red and Blue"—

Then a brother from Sutton corps told us when he heard two of our lassies singing a song, he felt that they seemed to mean him, but Old Sal's saved him. Our Indian comrades both sang and gave us their testimonies in their own language and English, among them Ben and Joe Blackburn with the rest singing,

"Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanses the Indians."

Then Brothers Duncan and Gooderham and Alderman Moses spoke with power, exhorting as well as telling some thrilling anecdotes of salvation, as well as damnation. Colonel Bailey drew in the net. One dear woman came out and got salvation.

Oh, what can I say of the camp at night! It seemed that everywhere was the sweet, holy breath of prayer, that our God would bless and save in the meeting. Three open-aire going at once. Your humble servant went, and had a look, as well as to hear what went on, and I tell you the devil had it hot and heavy without any quarter. Glory to God! Then we formed altogether, with the brass bands from Acorns and Bolton combined, for a grand march around the camp ground.

The Commissioner read to us about Zacchaeus' conversion from the 19th chapter of *Luke, throwing out some good common* sense ideas of God's plan of salvation.

Brother Moses told us of V— dying in Toronto, who had lived a godless life, who said when dying that a man would be a fool to die an infidel, everything to lose, nothing to gain.

Staff-Capt. McHardy and Mr. Gooderham then spoke with power. Then another thrilling story was told by Brother Duncan, that God proves it hence to their hearts. The net was thrown out. Some six souls for purity and salvation came at the close to Jesus. Thus the dear Lord crowned the camp on Sunday with blessed times, and precious souls saved. All glory to our God forever. Amen.

CAPT. FRANK INGLAND.

MONDAY.

Before five a.m. there was quite a stir in camp caused by a number of our comrades who couldn't stay longer taking first boat for home and work, and from that time till late at night there was a much greater stir than any previous day. The weather was beautiful. Jesus does answer prayer. *To favorite* the meeting is far more than my reportabilities can attain to, but to say the least, God was in our midst.

Our first meeting at 6.30 was a wonder. Every one had their bandages off, Jano included. From 10 a.m. till 1 p.m. the Commissioner led us in council. It was a solid time, and faith says that Harrie will be the better for it. Then off for some refreshment, and the "monster" sounds, and headed by the Acorns brass band we escorted the Commissioner, Colonel, and our Toronto friends to the wharf, and while waiting for the boat Brother Duncan of Toronto led us in a real nice prayer meeting, and just the boat moved off, as a sort of farewell to our departing comrades we sang together "We'll all gather home in the morning." Then back into a real interesting meeting, the subject being "Remarkable answers to prayer." D. O. Body led off with "When I survey the wondrous cross," etc. After prayer Capt. Grant sang a solo entitled "I'm happy in Jesus' love."

Then Staff-Capt. McHardy explained the line we were expected to run on by telling how the Lord answered his mother's prayers.

Capt. Lloyd of Bradford, told us how, when in difficulty on the farm over two circuiges getting tied together so tight that nobody could loose them, till as a last resource he prayed God to untie the knot for him, and He did it. Hallelujah!

Staff-Capt. McHardy wound up the meeting with his more than wonderful experience of God's healing power, which most of our readers have heard of before, so I will pass it by, only saying we were led through it to lean more on our God than ever. At the close two came out for healing and one for sanctification.

"Behold how great a fire, from a little fire kindleth," was powerfully illustrated when three or four comrades met in the centre of the ground seemingly by accident, and were led to pray, and in a very few minutes almost every soul on the ground was on fire, and such shouting and dancing is seldom seen or heard even in the S. A. Some were prostrated, while Capt. Ten. Williams, of Meaford, laid hold on God for a new vessel, as he could scarcely speak, but very soon he could be heard all over the grounds, and farther too. God had healed him. This gave the keynote to the evening meeting. "Good" is a very faint description of it. We just felt, "'Tis good for us to be here." Then Williams spoke with a Daniah translation of "Speak, Saviour, speak," etc. Then Williams spoke with a new voice. Big Jesse will never forget this meeting.

Our Indian comrades from Georgian Island gave their testimonies and sang in their native tongue "We're going home to die no more."

Major Glover spoke on the subject of the meeting, which was "The Triumphs of the Cross," and said that our salvation comes not in the world, but in the victories of the cross. We trust not in form for salvation, but God is our salvation, and with our "I will" to God's "I will," we will never know a failure.

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Headquarters' Happenings

BY ONE IN IT.

Headquarters just at present is very quiet, for to all intents and purposes it is camped on Wells' Hill, and the boys are enjoying the camp meetings, which were commenced last Saturday and will continue till next Monday morning. Most of the boys went up early Saturday afternoon to help the T. H. lads with the tents and to see the way they took off their tunics and turned up their sleeves and slipped into the work was great and I don't think they put in a harder day's work for it was between 11 or 12 o'clock at night before the work was through.

* * *

Last Wednesday morning broke the record at knee-drill there being twenty-seven in, Hallelujah! Oh, what times we do have there.

* * *

The Chief Secretary left this morning, in company with Ogts. Foy and Frith and Lieut. Morley, for the N. W. The Colonel takes a tour of the Western Division, going right through to the Pacific coast, this being his first trip through that division. I trust he will have good times and that God will bless him and his visits to the corps. The officers will be stationed in the division.

* * *

We had a striking case of force of habit the other day. One of the boys, I won't give his name away, heard a bell ring and thinking it was for dinner proceeded to the dining room, when, lo and behold, there were no plates on the table or any preparation being made for dinner, so wondering what was up he looked at his watch—it was a few minutes after eleven. He retired from the scene in disgust.

* * *

Staff-Capt. Read spent Dominion Day evening at Uxbridge, where he officiated at the marriage of Jesse Savage, of Cbatham, to one of our fair Uxbridge soldiers. He reports a grand time and barracks filled.

* * *

We were glad to see Capt. Cochrane and his Lieut. and Capt. Ongo and Lieut. Rock, at Headquarters, last week. Always glad to see old faces.

* * *

One day last week a man came into Headquarters and said he wanted to start a new life. One look was sufficient to tell anyone that he had not always been in the state he now was and that he had seen better days, for the shattered frame one could see the tall, well built form and grand physique of bygone days. History, so far as we could learn, was as follows: *He had evidently been brought up well, had a good* education and college course, and became a leading physician and surgeon; but, alas! that demon drink got hold of him, and in his dissipation he ran through over $200,000, lost wife and children through neglect and ill-treatment, and was himself left a total wreck, mentally, physically, and financially. He wandered into an S. A. barracks a short while ago and heard the singing and testimonies, and he got a desire to start a new life and for that object came to the Temple. He was given some help and was then sent to Wells' Hill, and while there gave his heart to God. Hallelujah! He says he feels like a new man and we pray God may keep him by His power.

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JAS. A. THOMPSON.

Halo from New Openings

— IN THE —

HALIFAX DISTRICT.

BY BENDIO WILLIS.

The readers of the "War Cry" have read much of what God has done through the S. A. In Halifax hundreds of souls have knelt at our penitent form for mercy, and testified to having obtained salvation. Many fishermen and sailors, and numbers of other people whose occupation in life calls them here and there and all over, have dropped in to the S. A. barracks while in the city, and became convicted of their sins, and sought and found salvation. Some of them we hear of in foreign countries still living for God and preaching the Christ they found at the penitent form in the S. A. at Halifax. We will never know *the amount of good accomplished among* this floating class, but this is not what I want to put before you in this report; it is a work more visible and more encouraging to us here below, though net to angels and the All-seeing Eye. It is that of the work done among the stationary class. God has wrought wonders. From the lowest they have come, from the highest they have come, and from the middle class they have come, seeking salvation at our penitent form, and thank God many have returned to give Him glory. Angels have rejoiced and do rejoice. Saints have looked and praised God. Critics have looked and became speechless, and devils have looked, become afraid, and tremble. The corps had becoma enlarged to such an extent that it was impossible for the one set of officers to properly look after it and for all the soldiers to be worked, and we Salvationists have proved that if man and women do not work for God,

THEY CANNOT KEEP SAVED.

We felt that in order for the soldiers to be properly worked and the work to enlarge, we must have another corps; and besides there being peals of the city we were unable to reach, after a great deal of searching a little hall was got in the north end of the city, a dividing line fixed, and the north end soldiers formed, into a No. II. corps.

We opened fire on Sunday, June 2nd, Capt. Prest and Lieut. Johnson in charge. There are, to start with, nearly 40 soldiers, and already sinners will be crying for a new vessel, and he could scarcely speak, but very soon he could be heard all over the grounds, and farther too. God had healed him. This gave the keynote to the evening meeting. "Good" is a very faint description of it. We just felt, "'Tis good for us to be here." Then Williams spoke with a Daniah translation of "Speak, Saviour, speak," etc. Then Williams spoke with a new voice. Big Jesse will never forget this meeting.

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WHY HOLD BACK,

you who can go? WM. MCDERTER, D.O.

HOLINESS

SANCTIFICATION.

WHAT IT IS.

S—aved from all sin.
A—ll pure in heart.
N—ot conformed to the world.
C—onstant communion with God.
T—rue to your vows.
I—ndependent of the devil.
F—ree from condemnation.
I—nflwelt by the Holy Ghost.
C—areful for nothing.
A—lways rejoicing.
T—rustworthy.
I—mpartial.
O—n fire for souls.
N—ot weary of well doing.

THE TWO WELLS

BY CAPT. ADDIE COWAN, R.H.

IT was a very hot summer, some few years ago, and the fields were scorched for want of rain. The creeks began to dry up, and the well in the garden next to ours went dry, it had only been dug very shallow. They had reached water before going deep, and during the winter and springtime, when there was plenty of rain, it was all right, but the hot weather began to reveal the fact that it was only surface water. The spring had not been reached. The well in our garden had been dug down on a very different principle to that, right through the different layers of earth, through the blue clay, to the rock. The rock was drilled until the spring was reached, at a depth of twenty feet, and all through that long hot summer we had an abundance of pure cold water, and were able to supply the neighbors whose well had run dry.

This little circumstance has often been used to answer the question which has arisen in my mind, and no doubt in the minds of others, viz., "Why is it that there are so many people who used to profess to be saved, who to-day are backsliders. They seemed to be sincere, and were even willing to bear reproach and derision for Christ's sake. They could speak and pray in public, and in fact had every appearance of being what they professed to be. They ran well for a little season, and then with some paltry excuse, they gave up their profession, and to-day they can listen to the most heart-stirring appeals in the meetings, and yet, by their actions, will openly defy God and His people, thinking people cannot but try to discover the reason of such things.

I believe and I feel the Spirit of God has made it clear to my soul, that many of these professed backsliders were never anything but surface wells. They have been at the meetings, and some personal influence has been brought to bear upon them. They have assented mentally to the truths that have been put before them, and professed to find peace, but their heart has been healed too slightly. The Spirit has not been allowed to have His own way, and to allow them their exceeding sinfulness in God's sight. There has been no deep digging into their soul. The hammer of His word has not broken the rock in pieces; the spring of eternal life has not been put within the soul. They have been largely influenced by favorable circumstances and gone along well until tested, but as soon as outside sources have failed, and they were thrown upon their own resources, death and failure have been, the result, and instead of being a blessing to those who were depending on them, they have been a curse, a snare, a pitfall.

How different is the experience of those who are really born of God. The sword of the Spirit has pierced its way down through the layers of sin and selfishness. It has been discovered, repented of and forsaken. Christ has been received into the heart by faith.

"The living waters bubble up,
And Jesus is the well."

Like David they can say, "All my springs are in Thee." Adverse circumstances do not materially affect them. Perseculions and difficulties arise, but still they go on, witnesses of God's keeping power, and others are blessed through the influence of their lives.

Oh, that every one who names the name of Christ would, by the light of God's word, examine themselves and see whether they be in the faith or not. What a terrible sin it must be, in God's sight, for people to take His name upon them, while their hearts are far from Him. What foolishness to try and deceive Him, to whom all hearts are open, and who has declared that the hypocrites' hope shall perish, and even if it were possible to get through this short life, under the mask of religion, without discovery, there is the great White Throne to face. And assuredly the King's sentence will be just, when He shall say, "I never knew you, depart from Me ye that work iniquity," but no one need wait till then. If you have discovered yourself, then be sure that you only have a name to live, and are dead, you have professed to be saved and are not, with joy I point you to my Christ, and exult only tell you, He can meet it all. He was manifested to destroy the works of the devil. If you will but come to Him your sin and unreality, He is able to save to the uttermost all those who come unto God by Him. Put Him to the test to-day.

ROCKS!

BY REVA.

ONE evening after my usual day's work was over, I returned to my room feeling very weary and depressed. Things had not been going very smoothly for some time, and on this particular evening, everything assumed its darkest hue. Tired, nervous, almost ill and half discouraged, a stranger in a strange land (miles from the sound of an Army drum), I could not settle down to anything inside, so taking up my hat, I started down to the pebble-beach which lies near. Satan too, was bringing his powers to bear upon me, and as I wended along, I was filled with the feeling that I must soon give it all up and just drift along with the tide.

It was a delightful evening, but I was too much engrossed with my own feelings to regard anything else, and I walked along for some distance without even raising my eyes from the pebbles before me, and at every step my prospect seemed to darken.

Suddenly I was seized with an impulse to turn and raise my eyes to the cliffs which towered above, just to my right, rose a tall, almost perpendicular bank, and on the topmost edge, jutting out and overhanging, was an immense rock, which looked as if at any moment it might come crashing down to the beach below. "What keeps it there," I asked myself? and on going a little further round, I saw that the back part of it was beautifully fitted to the rocky bank.

Instantly came the thought "If God is able to keep that rock, which, at first sight, you might well think would come crashing down upon you, if He is able to keep that there, is He not also able to keep you, body and soul, which feel have been planted upon the Solid Rock, even Christ Jesus," Next came, "The Lord is my Rock, my Fortress, and my Deliverer," and many other sweet passages which speak of God being the Rock and Defence of His children. My mind, too, was carried back to the many places in my past experience where I have found Him a Rock indeed, and my heart swells up in gratitude and praise to Him "who doeth all things well."

Then after asking Him again to help me I turned my steps homeward singing,

"Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm."

My heart beat more lightly, then for many days and I was filled with a firmer determination than ever to "follow where ever he leads" and "trust when I cannot trace."

AIM STRAIGHT.

T. W. M.

"Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood."—*Jer. xl. 10.*

I HAVE been thinking a lot about this lately, of how deceitfully some professed followers of God handle His sword, and oh! how they shrink from driving the sword home, how they dread hurting any one's feelings and causing them to get mad by dealing with them about their souls. These people seldom speak of hell, and if they do, it is in such a way that it will not shock anybody. I heard of a man this afternoon his cousin told me, and she professed to be an infidel—that although he preached the gospel and preached hell, he didn't believe in it. Oh, what shame, what hypocrisy, what soul-damning, hell-filling kind of people are these. The sooner such people get saved or else leave off preaching the gospel the better, and if they go on they will prove the reality of hell themselves. And sad to think this is not the only case, this is not the only man who handles the word of God deceitfully, but there are hundreds in the world to-day who really profess to be preaching, Christ and don't believe a word they preach. Talk about rum shops and gambling hells, these people are making more fuel for hell to day than all the others combined. I say, what drives the youth of our land to the hotels, the theatres, the saloon, and all the other dens of vice? Here it is—the inconsistency of so-called Christians. I will speak from personal experience. My mother used to send me to church, and I would answer, "what's the use of me going there among these hypocrites, they'm just as bad as me all week, but on Sunday they pull their faces down and put out their fine clothes and appear to be as meek as Moses." They never spoke to me about my soul, never told me I was a sinner on my way to hell, and that God could save me. The first time a person spoke to me about my soul I got saved. See the difference. Do you wonder I had no confidence in religion? Do you wonder so many scoff at nominal Christians and say, "if it was real I would try it." And sad to say, it's not only in the outside circles do these kind of people hold sway, in our own ranks there are some who are afraid of driving the sword home, afraid to wound, to bring blood. Oh! how they beat around the bush, how they will study up the lesson, so as to please the Major, Mrs., So-and-so, and to be able to speak eloquently (no God in it), and then stand before a crowd of starving, dying souls, eternity-destined mortals, and mince off a lot of Godless trash about the things that have gone before, and how much they left behind to follow Jesus. Nothing so convinces about the reality of a living Christ, a real burning hell if they reject Him. Oh, I say! comrades, this cannot be right. Look at your Bibles, and read of the man who fought—and won—God's battles; were they the nice little, simpering, blushing creatures we meet to-day? No! they were daring and fearless, and shamed not to declare the whole gospel of Christ.

Come with me, look at this scene. A royal chamber, rich carvings, costly and beautiful hangings adorn the place; beautifully clad servants flit about the place like so many butterflies. At one end of the room, seated on a handsomely carved throne, sat the king. He is confronted by a rough, unkempt looking man, clad in sackcloth and with his fierce-looking eyes blazing with holy fire, and his massive frame trembles with emotion and earnestness as he tells the story of the man who took the lamb away from the poor widow. Watch his arm twitch as the king answers and condemns himself. See, he raises his hand and points one long bony finger at him, and exclaims in a voice that startles the very palace, "Thou art the man." The arrow went home, the kingly heart drops, tears of penitence flow, and restoration is made.

Listen to Jonah as he rallies the streets of Nineveh and shouts out at the top of his voice, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." It comes to the ears of the king, strikes terror to his very soul; a fast is proclaimed, repentance toward God is the order, and the city is saved. "But," you say, "I can't believe that God will do things like that now, I never could be so forward and presuming as to tell people they are being lost." Yes, my friend, that's the trouble, you don't believe in God. You take the part of the ungodly and blame God for people living in sin. Do you realize your position? *A watchman of Israel.* Are you doing your duty? Do you warn souls faithfully or do you pinster them and give them taffy for fear of losing their favor and not getting salary or something else? Let us look at the souls who are dying and the ungodly masses who are going to hell—without God. Death and hell is chasing them, look! look! my God! the white horse is gaining on them, a few days or months more and down they will be hurled, shrieking and crashing into hell. Warn them, warn them, excite them, make them feel the claims of God upon them, save them, save them, save them. Do your duty, and remember you are cursed if you keep back your sword from blood.

OFFICERS' CORNER.

God requires that we should always be on show for Him.—CHIEF OF STAFF.

Are you willing to let God make you a specimen saint? a specimen soldier?—CHIEF OF STAFF.

It is very important that we should be so anchored that nothing can shift us.—COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

What a help we can be even to people who are far away from us if we are right, and have the proper hold of God, and have every bit of our lives filled with the power of the Holy Ghost!—COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

One of the great differences between the religion of the Salvation Army and that possessed by such a large number of so-called christians, is that our religion is good for this side of the grave as well as for the other. How many people who are expecting to go to heaven when they die, never think of such a thing as going to heaven while they live, and, indeed, when they see the possibility of doing so, they prefer this world and vanity fair.

Let us be God's companions, and He will be our companion in the end.—COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

My Saviour still the same,
Yes every day the same,
As true as when He began,
As strong as at first to save,
Anywhere, everywhere, always the same!

The feeling of loneliness—of being forgotten—of being left out in the cold—is very often increased, if not entirely caused, by the lies of the devil. No matter how hard the station may be, and no matter what difficulties we may have to encounter, or what trials we may be called upon to endure, let us always remember that we are never alone while we are doing God's work.

Jesus says to each one of us to-day, exactly what He said to His disciples years and years ago, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The greater your responsibility, the harder the devil will seek to drive you from the post of duty.—*New Zealand "War Cry."*

"Go where thou will, seek wistfully thou will, thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the holy cross."—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

"One of the grandest things I know is for a man to be doing a great work, and nobody knowing anything about who is doing it."—COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

If you keep on being a *praying* officer, you are very likely to prove a *staying* one.

We know the time will surely come, and pretty quickly too,
When each will find it very hard to
Carry to be true;
But nailed upon the cross we'll find the
yellow, red, and blue.
In every time of danger we'll rally round the cross!

DROP A TEAR FOR ME.

"He beheld the city, and wept over it."—Luke 19, 41.

"Jesus wept."—John xi. 36.

"When He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death."—Heb. 5, 7.

"We know Him, as we could not now
In heaven's golden years;
The angels may behold His *face*,
But *men* have seen His *tears*.
And so in perfect sympathy we go
Along the road *He trod*,
Still learning from all needs below,
Depths of the heart of God."—*Anon.*

Mother F——; a Rescue officer, was at the Police Court. While she was waiting to see who she should help, the patrol wagon drove up with forty five drunken women in it.

"It not that enough to break the heart of a stone," said a policeman who stood by.

"Yes it is," and Mother burst into tears.

"Oh!" shouted one of the women, "look at the Army women crying. *'Drop a tear for me, will you.'*"

The words were spoken in a coarse, rude voice. But, doubtless, beneath that rough exterior of dirt and drunkenness there was a heart that craved sympathy.

When Mother F—— returned home and poured that tear (by no means an uncommon one) into my ears, my very soul bled, and wept over those who are too hardened to weep for themselves. I thought of those women who probably once rejoiced, as many mother's hearts, in happy, innocent infancy, but *now* ruined lives, blighted hopes, so hard and dead, so near hell with no joy or happiness in this life, and not a ray of hope for the future. For soon, very soon, they will fill a pauper's grave and a drunkard's hell.

Try and bring this picture before you, dear reader—forty-five—and they are only as a drop in the ocean, compared to the great army of drunkards and outcasts, who throng our city streets, fill our jails, poor houses, and asylums.

While my soul is stirred, and my whole nature grieves over the precious blood-bought souls beneath all this sin, I think of the example left by One, who not only wept with those who wept, but dried the mourner's tears, by restoring the loved ones to their friends and family.

His great heart is moved with compassion as He weeps over Jerusalem, where He sees the bondage because of sin.

Oh, the pathos in His voice when He cried, "How oft would I have gathered you, but ye would not."

I often think of Him as He kneels in that dark olive grave. Again we see His tears, this time "as it were great drops of blood." But the sacrifice is complete.

Dear reader, have you the right to the name of Christian (Christlike.) Is He an example? "He saved others, Himself He could not save." If you save others it will cost you more than tears. It will mean the cross, the sacrifice of your own feelings sometimes.

Does not the great Army of outcasts appeal to your heart's deepest sympathy? Does it not touch the most tender chord of your soul? Your sister, your brother dying and lost.

How blessed to be "co-workers with Him." Not only weep, but help comfort the bereaved, the sorrowing to strengthen the weak, lift up the fallen, work that angels would enjoy to do.

Praise God, this is what we are doing in our Rescue Work, and the joy of helping pays in this life for the tears we often shed, the heart aches, and anguish of soul we often experience.

Believe me yours sharing the cross,
B. J. G.

HAMILTON BRASS BAND WANDERINGS

The bandmaster having given us orders to be at No. II. Barracks, at 7.30, where the D. O. was to hold a jubilee, we gathered at 7.30, and started for a march with a good sized corps behind us. After an enjoyable march, having had the Saviour with us, we returned to the cosy little barracks, where the D. O. had off in regular S. A. style, reading from God's Word and making the truths plain to the sinner. The band boys spoke, soloed, and prayed, then the Staff spoke with an earnest plea for Christ to come to our right with God. One lad, sitting away back in the corner, almost cried, and admitted that he was miserable and ought to get saved, but that awful "not to-night" kept him back; yet we are believing for him. Though no one yielded, yet we know good was accomplished in the meeting. The D. O. closed the meeting, and after arranging for another trip the next night, we separated for our homes. No 16-mile drive home after this jubilee, as we generally have, thank God for that. Our prayer is that God may bless Capt. Hassan and her Lieutenant and give them victory in their little glory shop.

Next night (Tuesday) our trip was Caledonia, to open the new hall for Capt. Taylor and her Lieutenant. We met at six o'clock as soon as the boys got together from their shops, some with their working clothes on and without any tea. Away we go for a 14-mile drive. Roads being in pretty fair condition we got there in good time, and found a few soldiers in a nice little hall and the Captain a little discouraged, thinking we were not coming. After knee-drill we went out for a march, which we really enjoyed, Gh returning there were but a few people, but before long began to fill in. We kind of loosened things up a bit, and went in for a good time. The soldiers testified well, God bless them! especially the young lads, who have not been converted yet, but faithfully God had saved them and was keeping them. Some sang solos, and all in all a good time was spent. "Dad" was there of course, and other familiar faces. Keep praying Caledonia for the open door. For evening meeting. We pray God's blessing upon Capt. Taylor, as she goes for a short rest, and also for her Lieutenant who is holding fort in the meantime. We arranged for a trip the next night, and were up for home, arriving at 2 a.m. far a few hours' sleep, and then away to work again for the bread which perishes.

Our next trip was Brantford, Oakville's outpost, where our brother Johnnie and his Lieut. hold the fort occasionally. The distance is about the same as the night before, but in the opposite direction. We were off again at 6 o'clock, around the lake through Burlington. The roads being rough and having been caught in the rain, we arrived a little late, yet all well saved and happy. They were just about finishing their "ice cream social," but the boys and lads had started yet. After putting up our horses we got the people seated and started in for a good meeting. A number of soldiers hoing down from Oakville, we went in with a will. The band played, and then sang a solo, the soldiers all testifying to the saving and keeping power of God. Billy song and urged the people to forsake their evil ways, the rest of the band-lads urging the people in a like manner. We had a solo from Bandsman Jones which did our hearts good. God bless him! We believe the people felt the weight of their sins. The D. O. closed with an earnest appeal for penitents to come forward. We partook of a light repast and got our rig ready, and with a "God bless you" to all, away we go to Hamilton again. Though very dark, we got home safe at 3 a.m.

We now have a furlough for a while, that is, from out-of-town meetings. We will take a rest and prepare for our camp meetings. We lads find in sacrificing a little time and sleep occasionally to extend God's kingdom, Ha al ways supplies us with sufficient to work as if we had a full night's rest. Glory to His name.
S. L.

A Father's Mistake.

CAPT. LOUIE COWAN, PORTHOW LA PRAIRIE, MANITOBA.

"Its all fanaticism, cant,
Come, now, don't try to tell,
These people with their drums and noise,
Their shouting about hell.
Are any more than fools and cranks.
I say 'You shall not go,'
And if you dare to disobey
The door to you I'll show.

"Come on, now, un more will I hear,
I will not speak again;
I mean just what I've said to-night,
I'm sure my words are plain.
I will not be disgraced by you
Or any of my name;
Going off to any such a place—
The very thought is shame."

The tad, intelligent and bright,
Then quickly left the room;
Oh! did that father realize,
He'd driven him to his doom.

A comrade met him in the street,
"Oh, Harry, is this you!
I hardly knew you, lad, I'm sure,
You look most awful blue.

"Never mind the 'Governor,' lad,
Come on, we'll have some fun."
His arm he drew within his own,
They entered a saloon,

And in that place he learned that night
Just how to loss the glass;
To play at billiards, pool and dice,
For fun, the hour to pass.

And surely, swiftly with the tide,
His downward course he ran.
The father oft with anguish wild
Would reason with his son,

"It's no use now, I do not care,
Leave me alone," he cried.
And soon he was a useless wreck.
Who had been his father's pride.

He soon left home that he might run
His own wild course more free,
And often would his chums take him
Home from the drunken spree.

He sank as low as he could get,
All hope seemed surely gone;
When standing at a tavern door
He heard the Army drum.

And now the march came passing by,
Singing "Walk in the light,"
He saw that they were happy, for
Their faces beaming bright.

They knelt down on the street to pray;
They prayed for wandering one—
For drunkards in their awful state,
And other erring one.

Then as they rose to testify
He saw a face he knew.
It was the lad he met that night
That told him he looked blue.

With tears fast streaming down his face,
His experience he gave,
"Oh, boys, I'm glad to say *I'm saved*,
Saved from a drunkard's grave.

"There may be some A need to rest,
With you I used to drink;
Then hand in hand we started on
Eternity's dark brink.

If so, oh! let me plead with you,
To-night give God your choice;
No matter now how vile you are
Hell! bid your sins depart."

A sin-stained face then brighter grew,
"He surely must mean me;
Oh! tell me where to find this Christ,
That I too may be free?"

"Down here, my brother, praise the Lord!
Here's Harry seeking God;
Oh! Jesus, cleanse his sins away,
Wash him in Thine own blood."

And Jesus heard and answered prayer,
He broke the chains of sin;
He washed the blackened past away,
The glorious light broke in.

He is a soldier, now, for God—
His father's heart was won;
They're fighting now with all their hearts
Both in fall uniform.

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 The Saviour's Call.

SEPT. W. ARCHIBALD.

TUNE.—*This is why I love my Jesus.*

WORLDLY souls are seeking pleasure,
Trusting joys that will not last;
And the blighting drink they treasure,
Knowing death is in the glass.

CHORUS.

Come, oh! come, the Saviour calls you,
Come, oh! come, the summer's past;
Soon cold winter's frosts will smite you,
Then you'll cry—"The Harvest's past."

Some now make their god of money,
Caring naught for endless day:
Jesus we never sent sin harvest
To get saved in Christ's own way.

God can change the heart's desire,
Can remove all inbred sin;
Give your joys that we're still fire,
While He reigns and lives within.

Oh! I'm glad I've been to Jesus,
All my life now changed I see!
He's my everlasting portion,
Hallelujah! Christ for me!

2 My Experience.

BY THE OBE-LEGGED PROPHET.

TUNE—*Twas a happy day.*

BEFORE I saw the Army,
My sins did not alarm me,
Nor did I fear to face the Judgment Seat;
But the words of those soul-winners,
Showed me I was a sinner,
And that my doom for hell was fixed complete.

CHORUS.

'Twas a happy day, etc.

I brought my all to Jesus,
Who suffered to redeem us,
And asked Him to forgive me all the past;
At once I felt light-hearted,
The load had all departed,
I realized that I was saved at last.

So now I have salvation
From sin and its vexation,
And I'm living every day to please the Lord;
I'm where sin cannot harm me,
A soldier in the Army,
I fight for God and preach His blessed Word.

Now, sinner, you are welcome
To share with me the kingdom,
Which God will give to us on that great day;
In heaven we all are winning,
A crown, who give up sinning
So come and have salvation while you may.

3. A True Friend.

BY GEO. M.

TUNE—*Jesus is a Rock in a Weary Land.*

INTO the Army hall I ast,
Without any friend of mine,
The Salvation Army told me that
Jesus was a friend of mine.

CHORUS.

Oh every day is a happy day,
A happy day, a happy day,
My sins they've all been washed away,
And Jesus is a friend of mine.

I came to the cross and made a start
To meet this friend of mine,
He came and cleansed my dirty heart,
Now Jesus is a friend of mine.

The world has lost its charms for me,
Jesus is a friend of mine,
For in it nothing good I see,
Jesus is a friend of mine.

I know that when I come to die,
Jesus is a friend of mine,
He'll take me to my home on high,
And ever be a friend of mine.

RED CHORUS.

Oh every night is a happy night,
A happy night, a happy night,
My darkness He has turned to light,
And Jesus is a friend of mine.

4 What Will You Do?

BY "FRANCIS."

TUNE—*Oh, where is my little dog, Tray?*

O SINNER, wandering afar from God,
O tell me, what will you do,
When they lay your body beneath the sod,
And the Judgment Seat is in view?
The sins of years will before you rise,
Too late, your course you will rue,
And as hell shall open before your eyes,
O tell me, what will you do?

The world's attractions, your mind may please,
While you may follow its show:
You may be counted to sit at ease,
As blindly downward you go.
But when these things shall no longer charm,
And your earthly journey is through;
When death's cold hand shall your soul alarm,
O tell me, what will you do?

Companions on you to-day may smile,
The favor of man you may gain;
Life's boat may smoothly glide on awhile,
Across the treacherous main,
But shoals and whirlpools are just ahead,
And rocks that are hidden from view;
Without the Pilot you'll strike and sink,
Then, tell me, what will you do?

O, give your heart to the Saviour now,
Your guide He ever will be:
Your Keeper when there is danger near,
The Lifeboat out on the sea.
Though storms may rage, you'll be safe in Him,
He's able to carry you through;
But if not on board when the storm comes on,
O, tell me, what will you do?

5 I Come Quickly.

B. STINS, WINNIPEG.

(Last two lines of each verse form the chorus.)

TUNE—*We're a band that shall see your the foe.*

YET once more with the voice of Thy night,
On man's desolate spirit break in;
Hath Jehovah said, "Let there be light"
Then our Jesus shall say it again.
For we hear His red cross on our shield,
And we'll conquer or die.

In Thy splendor Thou Saviour of all,
Beaming down on this sin-stricken world,
Speed the waves of its night as they roll
To the regions from whence they were hurled.
And the nations shall tremble with fear,
At Thy coming, when Thou shalt appear.

Breathe again, its creation renewed,
Only breathe through man's motionless breast;
And inspired by the Spirit of God,
He shall wake in an Eden of rest.
Thou shalt come and the dead shall appear
When Thy returns darkens the air.

On Thy servants Thy Spirit is poured,
To the sickle the harvest doth bend;
Thou wa wait for Thy coming, O Lord,
For the Sabbath that never shall end.
And till then in Thy strength we'll be true
To the yellow, the red, and the blue.

A letter from Brigade-Captain Langtry, will appear in next week's WAR CRY.

6 March On.

BY CAPT. H. PEARSON.

TUNE—*Dum de dum.*

MARCH on, march on, our way along,
While gaily beats the drum—dum de dum;
With steady tramp and ringing song
The way will short become—dum de dum.

CHORUS.

We will praise the Lord, oh,
We will praise the Lord, oh,
We will praise the Lord, oh,
March—dum de dum;
The Army flag above us waves,
And the Master's grand "well done,"
Dum de dum.

March on, march on, say comrades brave,
While gaily beats the drum—dum de dum;
The sad and lonely hearts we'll cheer,
The way will short become—dum de dum.

March on, march on, ye braves who dare,
While gaily beats the drum—dum de dum;
The yellow, red, and blue to wear,
The way will short become—dum de dum.

March on, march on, our way along,
While gaily beats the drum—dum de dum;
The Army flag above us waves,
And the Master's grand "well done"—dum de dum.

Next week's WAR CRY will be very interesting. Buy a dozen.

7 Holiness Song.

BY SEPT. ROBERT GOWAN.

TUNE—*Ye Banks and Braes.*

OH, spotless Lamb of God Divine,
My weary soul cries out to Thee,
Conscious of doubt, and fear, and sin,
Craving for inward purity.
All efforts of my own have failed
To bring this blessing to my soul,
Striving no more, in simple faith
I come to Thee, to make me whole.

CHORUS.

Oh, Lamb of God, I sey to Thee,
Give me Thy spotless purity.

The past, my Lord, I dread to think
How full of failure it has been;
Yet Thou, who knowest all, declares
Thy blood can make the vilest clean.
What unbelief has kept me back
From proving all Thy power to save
The pride and blunders of my heart
Thou hast revealed, and now I pray.

The purpose of Thy death, for me,
To my poor heart has been made known,
That I should live no more to self,
But henceforth live for Thee alone,
That I from sin should be set free,
A captive set at liberty;
Kept by the mighty power of God,
Made spotless by Thy precious blood.

"A Dream of Hell" (with illustration) continued in next WAR CRY.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

Cadet Trent, Bergs, of Brantford, to be Captain, at Berlin.

Cadet Evans, of Lippincott T. B., to be Capt. at Trenton.

Cadet Plumstead, of Lippincott T. B., to be Lieut. at Elora.

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Headquarters:
Salvation Temple,
Toronto, Ont.

THE WAR CRY

SATURDAY, JULY 18TH, 1903

Blood-less.

"God has made of one blood all nations of men."—Acts.

there is no doubt that men of every nation have blood, and are possessed of a certain amount of that spirit and energy which makes man away where, to so remarkable an extent, the master is the slave. Nevertheless, those who are born north of the Tweed cannot help a woe, was sorry that somehow Scottish blood counts for a good deal. Small nations, reared in the mountain air by generally shown a remarkable amount of energy, and if Scotland does its part in the Salvation war as anything like proportion to the ships it has borne in British advancement, its sons and daughters will win a very remarkable place in the Salvation Army story, when the whole comes to be told.

We know, beyond any possibility of doubt, that there is such a thing as Salvation Army blood.

The world outside us her long recognized it as distinctly as the world within. A Metropolitan police magistrate has just been explaining to some petitioners, who wanted a stop put to the Army, the undesirability of bringing the police into collision with us, lest they should find "a nest of hornets" about their heads; but although we are blessedly familiar with the living, burning spirit which permeates our ranks generally, amongst all sections alike, there are great varieties, and we cannot too often be examining ourselves as to the extent to which we are really thinking the blood of the Son of Man—the extent to which we share His uncontrollable and irresistible spirit of determination to cast the devil out and bring salvation in.

Now, there is Captain Saintly, whose character is just lovely. She is quite willing to go anywhere, and glories in bearing anything. She would go without clothes or food until her strength was utterly exhausted, without a word of complaint to anyone; but with all her goodness, she does not produce very much change where she is, just for want of enough resisting unto blood. The people around her, for whom she really cares, weep, pray, and suffer, are prepared to hell wholeside, and will continue to do so unless she or someone else rises up, is quite a new spirit, and rushes at them in that violent way which takes the Kingdom of Heaven.

Capt. Redface, who is in command of the next corps, is by no means so lovely a character as her sister over the way, but has, undoubtedly, been known to say and do harsh things, from which she might have been saved by more of Divine grace, which we hope she will yet get. She would almost knock down a half-hinged Lieutenant, "so let the dust lie as it lies," and humbugging grumblers in her presence, and denounce her for every wherever they go; but in spite of her faults, she wins the admiration and love of not only of all true soldiers, but of all sensible observers, because she will always have something done. The town where she lives, however large it may be, is bound to know of her presence. Every soldier and recruit feels the weight of her spiritual fist every week. They cannot slink about the world out of uniform and take no part in the work without being made to feel ashamed of themselves every time they come within reach of her bright, kind eyes. Whatever her faults may be, pray for her with all your might, for she is a valuable woman to the Kingdom of God.

What a contrast between both of these and Capt. Sitter, who might always be called the resumbent of his corps, seeing that he rather leans or rests upon it than does anything with it! He scarcely ever speaks out of doors, except to make an announcement or a collection. His speaking inside is mostly a repetition, without particular feeling, of what he on so said in a burning way. He manages to keep right with his divisional officer about his visiting, but, from week's end to week's end, whatever hours he may spend on it not one soul is urged forward by any call of his. He wasn't so passionate as unmoved when he last sold a "War Cry" in the streets, but he can sing well, and play an instrument, too, when he takes the fancy, and he manages to make himself so agreeable that nobody in the corps would particularly complain about him. He is blood-less, that is all, and he rapidly lets down any corps to his own level, until you might look round the ring and through the prayer meeting from end to end without seeing one person who seems eager to say or do anything.

Alas! Alas! how many readers of the "War Cry," who would unhesitatingly condemn such a good-for-nothing officer, are living in his very image! To them, God and the Army and the world owe nothing. If souls are saved or blessed in the meetings they attend, it is no thanks to them. They do not seek to nothing, either to help or hinder anyone, except it be when they give some money, with a secret idea that by so doing they atone for their own idleness. Oh, for a flood of remarkable place in the Salvation Army story, when the whole comes to be told.

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Her Sinful Past.

A TALE OF STERN FACTS.

BY E. S. H.

"And He is the propitiation for our sins."

THE chief object of Mercy Merellith's worship was music. To her it was an unfailing source of celestial rapture, identified in her eyes with religion—the only religion in which she felt the faintest interest. Little did she think, when seated before her beloved organ, of the busy world outside the church doors with its commonplace everyday wants and cares, sins and sorrows.

Mercy's parents were Protestants living in one of our Canadian cities. Proud of the musical talent of their child, they had, however, connived unwillingly to the proposal that she should act as organist for a short period in a neighboring Roman Catholic church. She, herself, argued angrily that it was far too good an opportunity of preaching to be thrown away. With her usual wilfulness she gained the day.

It was a happy moment to Mercy when she could push aside her school work and escape to the quiet empty church, soon filled by her skilful hand with the rich, strong melody of the sacred music she loved best of all. She grew so interested in the work that she retained her position as organist for two years. She loved her favorite art not only for itself, but also for the rich harvest of applause her talent brought her; for Mercy's was a nature which literally fed upon pleasurable sensations.

Mrs. Merediith's gentle soul was often filled with misgivings for Mercy's future. Sometimes she expressed herself bitterly for her lack of firmness in the up-bringing of so wilful and rebellious a child. When all the rest of the household was fast asleep, she often stole into her daughter's room to pray beside her little bed. Sometimes Mercy would open her sleepy eyes to see her mother bending over her in unutterable love and tenderness. Sometimes even, she was drowsily conscious of softly murmured petitions to God to keep her unspotted from sin.

How often in the dark years to come did Mercy look back upon those nights, and yearn with longing unutterable for the wakeful mother-love, which used to brood over her little cradle! How little did that proud, fond mother dream of the future in store for her child! One glimpse into it would, I feel sure, have caused her to wrestle with God for death then and there for both herself and her darling.

Mercy was sent at her own eager request to a convent for the purpose of completing her education. There she secretly received instruction in Romish doctrines, preparatory to entering that church. The night before her baptism she made her first confession. She was not a little startled at the thought of having poured all her cankered feelings, her idle, fanciful thoughts skilfully probed by the priest's practised questioning. The nun who conducted her to the confessional, seeing her pale face, said deprecatingly to the waiting priest, "You will not be too hard upon her, Father, will you? It is her first confession, remember."

He smiled benignantly in return upon Mercy, saying only in a reassuring tone, "Come on, my child, I am not going to be unkind."

The girl left him with a tingling sense of an unpleasant act fulfilled. On the following morning she was baptised in the chapel attached to the convent.

Accompanied by her sponsors, she knelt before the brilliantly lighted alter with a deep consciousness of being the central figure in the impressive ceremony about to be performed. At first she revelled in her own satisfied senses, fed by the glow of light and color, the sweet scent of hothouse flowers, the sonorous intoning, the air heavily leden with incense, and the solemn swelling strains of chant and hymn. Gradually, however, her rapture as feelings wore away after two long hours filled with symbolic rite, and wearisome repetition of creeds, aves and paternosters. She went home at the conclusion of the service somewhat apprehensive of the approaching scene when she should inform her parents of the step she had just taken.

Mrs. Meredith wept bitterly on hearing the news; gradually, however, Mercy's resolute will brought into the home a passive compliance with the existing state of affairs. She left school and resumed her office as organist.

One day two sisters of charity came into the church while she was practising and told her in the course of conversation that she had started with them of sin and poverty and the world's need of self-sacrifice. Their words aroused in Mercy somewhat of the same pleasurable emotion as that caused by her lovely art. She, too, would lead henceforth a similar life of harmony.

She decided to become a nun, and, with her wonted impetuosity, wrote at once to the Mother Superior stating her purpose. An answer to her letter arrived inviting her to go to the convent. She acquainted her parents with its contents but this time they were thoroughly aroused to the extent, even of telling her they would rather see her taken out of the house a corpse.

Once again Mercy took her own way. This time, however it was of short duration; she grew weary of conventual life and routine after her two weeks' trial. Self-sacrifice was beautiful in theory, in practice she found it intolerable to her easy loving nature, so she stole away and was received at home with open arms.

Soon after this episode Mercy's mother died. She had been ordered away to a distant place by her physician and never returned. Mercy's will had received its first shock of restraint from One against whom rebellion was vain.

Life looked a mere dismal flat of existence to Mercy without her gentle sympathizing mother. Home was broken up and she went to live with her brother and his wife. She could not agree with the latter, and at last one evening after a vehement dispute, her sister-in-law, losing all command of herself, ordered her to leave the house never to return.

The girl understood her literally; hastily thrusting a few articles into a satchel she walked to the railway station and got into the first train, neither knowing her destination nor yet caring where it might be.

The train stopped and she got out at N——. Catching a glimpse of the dim tent river she walked on and on until she stood alone upon its banks, and gazed drearily at the swift flowing current. It was ten o'clock at night and she had only two dollars in her possession. She felt desperate; her emotional religion had failed her when she most needed an inward support. Only a living principle within the soul can render it independent of circumstances; only a soul rooted in God is sufficiently strong to withstand the fiercest hurricane of temptation sent against it by the devil.

Poor Mercy's soul, uprooted from the loose soil in which it was planted, was at the mercy of every blast that blew into sight. A resolve, begotten of despair and a hopelessly thwarted will, sprung up within her breast. One choice, at least, was her's. She possessed the power to end this undesirable existence. One plunge and all would be over. She stood looking into the dark waters wondering vaguely if nothingness lay beyond their depths or was there something more—something worse? Yes, she knew there was, but why should she care? The present was intolerable. Anything for a change! At this point of inward reasoning, Mercy, poor, poor soul! an easy prey, nor did the devil delay to avail himself of such an opportunity.

Suddenly a man's voice broke in upon her desperate mood. "Where are you going?" it asked, insinuatingly.

A human voice was a relief after the dreadful monologue by the swift flowing river. She answered carelessly:

"I don't know," and the tone in which she spoke rang out more clearly than the spoken words, "Nor do I much care."

"Will you come with me, then?" said the man with careless kindness, "I can take you where you will be well treated."

Pride, manifestly resented, in other's warnings, were stifled by reckless despair, and Mercy turned from death, so appalling after all to her young brain, to follow her seeming benefactor. Anything for a change! Life was her monotonous thought, and the devil was not slow to offer her a dread alternative to death itself. Only one soul would be lost by that hasty plunge, a greater victory was in store could he gain another useful tool in reckless Mercy to win others to his kingdom of darkness.

(To be Continued.)

WAR NOTES

"Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror."

Rodily strength is good; good health is a big boon, but God-given strength which arises from the indwelling Strengthener and Reviver is far ahead of either. Therefore I believe in the above verse, because I feel it to be true in my own soul. Hallelujah!

From the Old Country comes the news that a S. A. procession, composed mainly of ex-prisoners who have suffered for Jesus sake, has been dispersed by the police, as bordering on Socialism. This will be another grand impetus to the war.

What about the following decision, which has been rendered by Police Magistrate Cahill of Hamilton, Ontario, in parallel with the above?—"That the Salvation Army is a religious organization who are doing a very good work, trying to reach a certain class of people who are either too poorly dressed or will not enter the churches, and therefore need, and will receive, as much police protection as it lies in our power to give them; and any person caught in any way disturbing their services, either inside, or in the lobby, or at the door, are guilty of a misdemeanor, and are liable to a fine not exceeding $20 or one month in jail."

"Am pleased to inform you of the safe arrival of a young boy Cadet this morning. It is the Lord's, bless His dear name. Mrs. Ireland and child are doing well." So writes Capt. Frank Ireland of Gravenhurst.

"Castoria," "Little Liver Pills," "Smoke Maple Leaf," and many other such signs are painted up on every hand in the most conspicuous places. Now, could not the "War Cry" be pushed in like manner? Take a paint brush and dash it on your fence, barn, or any other place where it will attract proper attention.

If a person cannot exactly see eye to eye with the Army, it is no reason why he should fly off at a tangent and blackguard it for all he is worth. All we ask for is fairness. Our doings are above board in every instance, and will bear inspection.

A lady told one of our lasses that she had picked out "a nice rich man" for her, but she must leave the Salvation Army to get him. To this she answered she would not leave the Army for any man that ever lived. Sensible girl.

This "War Cry" is certainly very interesting, and should be read through by every soldier and friend. Full of life and there something more—something worse? Yes, she knew there was, but why should she care? The present was intolerable. Anything for a change! At this point of inward reasoning, Mercy, poor, poor soul! an easy prey, nor did the devil delay to avail himself of such an opportunity.

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(To be Continued.)

Toronto Division.

One God.

GRANGEVILLE.—Praise the dear Lord forever! He still keeps us moving along. Hallelujah! We are marching on in His strength, and He gives us the victory. Since our last report we are glad to tell you that we have seen another soul come to God for salvation, and Jesus pardoned all her sins. Although they don't come out to the penitent form by the score, we are glad to report them one by one.

LIEUT. BAILEY.

A Stiff Brush.

OSHAWA.—We do feel like glorifying God this morning with all our heart for His loving mercy and help since last report. We have had a stiff brush with the devil, but praise God the clouds have broken and victory has come. Our meetings are good all the time. Some have joined them. We have a number of real sanctified, well-uniformed soldiers, who stand to their post and love to fight for God and souls. Praise God forever! Yesterday (Sunday) was a glorious day from morning drill down. We closed at night rejoicing over one soul, who said on rising from his knees that he felt different altogether now that God had forgiven him his sins. Hallelujah! We are fighting in faith for more.

CAPT. WELLWOOD.

It Maketh Rich.

BRAMPTON.—"The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich and He addeth no sorrow with it." Hallelujah! We do feel rich in heavenly things this morning. The Lord has been very kind to us all week, and some who have been rather discouraged in the fight have got a stronger hold of the Master's hand, and are going forward. Lord keep us on the right track.

ELLA WILLIAMS.

Four Weeks' Rest.

GEORGETOWN. — Well, hallelujah! our hearts are light and free, and I must say that after four weeks' rest I am back at my post. Since I left I saw many things that made me glad, though my soul is sad as well, and find God has done great things for us here since I have been gone. Glory to His name! And this morning the language of our heart is:

Jesus, my Saviour, we ne'er shall part,
Then art far more than this wide world to me,
And thy sweet peace shall dwell in my heart;
Oh, than, my Lord I'll be true to thee.

Yours for God and souls,

CAPT. WILLIE COCHRANE.

Burdens of Sin.

BROOKLIN.—Thank God this morning finds us well and saved, and still fighting away at the devil and sin. We had a good day yesterday, at night our hearts were made to rejoice in seeing five souls at the penitent form seeking for pardon. God grant that there may be a real work done in their souls, and we know there are some more who feel their burden of sin. God smash them up in our prayer.

CAPT. A. BARKER.

Reinforcements.

COUBTICE.—We are glad to report victory over sin and the devil. Our new officers have not made their appearance as yet, but we are very happy to say we went in on Sunday trusting in God for strength; bless Him, He did not disappoint us. Our holiness meeting Sunday morning was grand. Our afternoon free and easy was real good, being reinforced by some of Oshawa's soldiers. God bless them! At night a real blood and fire meeting. The blessed Master helped us to tell the blessed story of the cross. We are all real well saved, and mean to win Conrtice for Jesus.

THOMAS MAY.

Overseepers.

UXBRIDGE.—This has been rather a good week with us. Sunday morn 7.30 was good, although somebody did oversleep *themselves.* I won't tell you who they were this time. At the holiness meeting Heaven seemed very near. Four came out to the form; three of them professed to get what they came after. In the afternoon the power of God was present, and at the meeting was closed until nearly all gone home a man came and gave God his heart. At night the Holy Ghost was upon us in power, and at the close, when the invitation was given, one woman got right up and came out and God saved her in a few minutes, followed by three others, who also professed to get right. God is blessing us up here, and we are marching on. Lieut. is well saved and I am a better boy than ever before.

TOM MORRIS.

SHELBURNE.—We can praise God this morning for victory in our own souls. Saturday we have had very hard fighting, this white back, yet we feel we have an Almighty Saviour to back us up. We have had some good open-airs, and we feel sure that the words which have been spoken are not going to return unto us void, but it shall accomplish where unto it is sent. "Oh, may God hasten the time when men and women in Shelburne will serve our God. My prayer is that He will save the people. Hallelujah!"

CAPT. MARY WALE.

T. H. Divison.

Rain and Mud.

LITTLE YORK.—Praise God, this morning finds us rejoicing in the God of our salvation, and although we cannot report souls yet God is working. Our meetings are getting better in spite of rain and mud, and we claim victory through the blood.

CAPT. CAGON.

TORONTO XII.—We are still on the up-grade here. Saturday and Sunday we had a visit from Major Margetts, Staff-Capt. Walton, and Capt. Leonard, Music, experience, and exhortations all took well and had good effect. Sunday night a brother who had got led off the track by company and evil habits came out and surrendered all to Christ and next night testified that he was a free man. "To-day is the first day for many years that I have touched neither liquor or tobacco. I have tried *force but could never give up entirely.* I lost $16 one day this past week just through drink, etc. Thank God, He has saved me," said he. A Methodist brother came out to confess his failings and unfaithfulness and reconsecrate him all to God. A sister also felt her need of reconsecration and came out and yielded up all and claimed all and was at soldiers' meeting and expressed her determination to be and do what Jesus wanted her to. Monday another brother, who had been a month or more in misery through going back to tobacco, etc., came out and got a happy release once more and we trust will stick. Pray for us here.

CAPT. WEBBY & CO.

TORONTO VI.—The summons came somewhat unexpected calling Capt. Woodgate to come home; but just so will it be to a number of people, if God should call them that they have to pray, "Oh, spare me that I may recover strength before I go hence." But blessed be God, we can have the assurance continually that all is well, as Paul the apostle repeats, "To me to live is Christ, to die is gain." On coming to the Temple Capt. Woodgate told them that he intended to live while among them in such a manner as no one could lay a finger on him and say he did not live to his profession and at the last he was enabled to say that God had helped him to live that way. Since taking charge some forty-eight souls have knelt at the penitent form, a good number are standing to-day for Christ. Some have given up the fight, but God has blessed and owned his labors. Last Friday night holiness meeting was indeed the best, God in mighty power came to us and lifted us right above everything; we did have a real Holy Ghost meeting to our souls. Quite an audience was on hand on Sunday night when he told them straight the whole truth of God. The rowdy element began to stamp their feet but I thought they will in reality stamp them in the bottomless pit if they don't turn to God. Well, we have said good-bye and Capt. Tom Howell takes his place to lick the devil and help us up in God. Wishing Captain a safe voyage and speedy return we go on to do the will of God. Yours at Jesus feet.

CADET HOUSTON.

TORONTO IX.—Glory to God, we are still fighting for God. Monday night last we hold our meeting outside and the Lord spoke peace to one poor soul and sent her on her way rejoicing, glory be to God forever! On Thursday night we had Sergt. Hay wood with us and he preached on the four-legged doctor and at the close of the meeting one dear sister cried to the Lord for mercy of heart and for strength to take up her cross and to follow Jesus all the way. We give God all the glory.

CAPT. WARDER.

TORONTO II.—Oh, what's up now? What's the matter? What means all that shouting? Why, God has come in power and saved six precious souls. Who wouldn't shout? A week ago Sunday Capt. Taylor led his meetings, we had blessed times, and at the close of the night's meeting two souls found pardon at Jesus' feet. The dear Lord has been leading and blessing us in such a wonderful way this past ten days that we can hardly describe it. On Friday night at our holiness meeting He came divinely near and spoke very plain, and praise His dear name, eight precious comrades obeyed His voice and fell in the fountain that cleanses from inbred sin and got victory, and two aderly sisters got the glory in their feet and danced quite a jig. I tell you the devil had to retreat in great haste, but Sunday was the crowning time, Staff-Capt. Philpott and wife led the meetings all day, and at night while Mrs. Philpott was leading the testimony meeting two dear sisters volunteered right out, and God did set them free, Hallelujah! and before the meeting closed two more came out and got free making four for the day. praise God!

CADET SWEET.

Kingston Division.

PORTSMOUTH.—We can praise God this morning for victory. He has given us since coming here. God is working with His own people, we have had two out for the blessing. God times all day yesterday. We mean to bring Portsmouth sinners to Jesus.

LIEUT. LASHER.

First Love Restored.

BLOOMFIELD.—Thank God since our report we have had victory. Our meetings here been getting out of the "as usual" style, and some of those who had lost their first love are comiffg back to be filled with all the fulness of God, and determined to do their first works over again. We have had one soul saved and if the others will only obey the voice of God that is speaking so loudly to them, there soon will be many more saved. We are saved and going to win.

CAPT. MARY WHITE.

God's Seal Set.

PICTON.—Praise God for victory through the Blood of the Lamb. We arrived here on the 18th friday under weakness very much, but trusting in Jesus, the never failing friend. Were glad to see so many of our dear comrades here to God in spite of all the discouragements they have had. We want down on our knees and consecrated ourselves afresh to God and asked Him to cast His seal upon our work, and since then our hearts have been gladdened by seeing five precious souls kneeling at the Cross, and two dear brothers who had got wrong in their souls over tobacco, have got the victory. Hallelujah! Our people are getting interested in the meetings and we are looking for greater victories. "Picton for Jesus," is our motto.

CAPT. MCCAMBRIDGE.

STIRLING.—The devil defeated and God glorified. Hallelujah! Our enemy and one backslider have come to the cross and found pardon. Victory for the cross bravest through the blood of Christ our Saviour. Hallelujah!

LIEUT. CLARK.

WELLINGTON.

"We're rolling on, we're rolling on
See our camers how they're coming."

We are glad to be able this morning to report victory. Two more souls captured for King Jesus in yesterday's battle. Glory to God.

CAPT. A. ANDREWS.

Poor, yet Rich.

SEELEY'S BAY.—This morning finds us well saved and one week nearer Heaven than our last report. Was a sweet thought! Still in the pathway of righteousness, and in this path leading to death, our way grows brighter and brighter still, then nothing less than Heaven at the end. Our community is poor, we became poor that we, through his poverty, might be rich. Our meetings are pretty small, but God enables us to tell out of hearts filled with joy what He has done for us, and what he is able to do for them. Our souls cry, "Oh, come, come or you will not only loose the joy and peace you can have here, but you are risking your eternal happiness. What are all this world's boasted treasures, only they never that tongue can tell, to a soul when lost in hell. Oh, why will you die? There is life for a look at Jesus. Glory, hallelujah!

M. MCGLENNONS.

ODESSA.—Glory to God, we are real well saved this morning, and our souls object have we in view than the salvation of precious souls. Since coming here our poor backslider has come back for salvation. God save many more is our prayer. Amen.

CAPT. MATTY TODD.

The Devil Robbed.

NEWBURGH.—We bless the Lord this morning we are happy on the way. This past week has been one of victory all along the way. The devil has been robbed of his followers, thank God, three souls got blessedly sanctified, and three got gloriously saved. One sister said she felt so happy that she could jump over all the seats, and another young fellow, is speaking to him about his soul, said he would not come again to be scrupleed any more. There are lots in pickle and terribly interested. Lord save them in our prayer.

CAPT. LIZZIE MEDLOCK.

BELLEVILLE.—Our week ended with a good solid days' fighting yesterday resulting in six souls—four men and two women. One man, on being asked what was the cause of his backsliding in the past, produced a pipe and said, "This old pipe done it." Another was seen to reach for his pocket and bring out a paper which he dashed under the stove. It proved to be some kind of a novel and went to make a hon fire at the wind up. They all seemed to be desperately in earnest, and I do believe that God will give them grace according to their faith and prayer. Our brother who has been lately saved testified in the open air last night, so say we, that we have a Saviour that enables us to live without sin, and if you cannot do it at the churches come to the Salvation Army and we will teach you how. He is a Saviour, and that from sin. Hallelujah!

CAPT. D. L. CRANSTON.

A Big Debt Paid.

KINGSTON.—Dear "War Cry," we are pleased to tell you that things are on the move upwards. Souls are coming to God and He is saving them, and their faces and homes show a decided improvement. The testimony of one comrade, while visiting her this week was as follows: "Since we have been saved God has enabled us to pay over three hundred dollars of a debt. We have eight children, and my husband's salary is eight dollars per week." God is blessing my poor body as well as soul. "Those are some of the things we are praising God for."

LIEUT. LEWIS.

Montreal and Quebec Division.

Sitting and Crying.

COATICOOKE.—We are glad to report victory in our own souls this morning, Christ is all in all to us.—Hallelujah! We are having good times with our blessed Saviour, the people that come into our meetings cannot help but see we have something that satisfies us. Oh, that they would taste and see for themselves! They sit and cry in the meetings and can hardly leave, but the devil has got such a hold of them. One dear brother Sunday night came and sought the Saviour and found Him to the joy of his heart. We are believing for victory for we fight for a King who never lost a battle. Lord Jesus send the showers. Yours to try and win the world for Jesus.

LIEUT. LIZZIE PIEROT.

Celebrities.

LAOHUTE—Jesus leads us on and here we are in Lachute. Arrived Friday night into hot found Lieut. Watson and Cadet Baird and some comrades at the station waiting to give me a welcome and show me the way to the quarters by the river's side. Such a happy looking little home, and we are a happy people too. Praise God. Saturday night first meeting. We had Capt. Todd with us, had a good time and one soul, who was on the platform last night, testified good day. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Simcoe with us afternoon and night when another came. She said, "I never prayed, I want you to pray for me." This too did, and she told the Saviour how bad she had been and how the devil in fine style, and has kept it up, too. Last night, good crowd. A work was done for eternity. Jesus shall have Thanksford yet.

CAPT. WRIGHT.

Their Delight.

WOODSTOCK.—"The thick of the fight is our delight." Praise God for what He is doing in us here. All along the warpath He is with us, and the meetings are good. Soldiers are going in for more of God since they have been brought face to face with the fact that it takes spiritual people to do spiritual work. Our Holiness meetings are good, and some have got great liberty, so they can speak before their friends. Blessed be God. Quite a *good number have sought and found* pardon of their sins through the precious Blood, while some have come up for as the penitent-form, but in vain, because they did not give all to Christ, while some others daily are asking prayers for their friends. We often see them weeping in the barracks during meeting time, but they tory. Four have left the ranks of the enemy and come over to the side of God, and then an the fifth two more came to Jesus, on the twenty-first three more came to the fountain, and on the twenty-third seven more sought cleansing in the life-giving stream, making in all for the month sixteen souls. The Lord did it all, praise His dear name. Prayer and faith brings the victory. We are determined to trust Him all the way for He has promised to never leave or forsake us.

CAPT. J. B. MEEKER.

Woodstock Division.

No Disappointment.

NORWICH.—Just a few words to let you know that we are still alive and pegging away at the devil, and we have not got tired, for Jesus is our friend. The meetings through the week were very good, and Sunday the Spirit of God was felt very much. We went forward believing that God would give the victory, and, praise God, we were not disappointed, for one man came to Christ and professed to get salvation, and we pray that he may show by his life the saving and keeping power there is in Christ.

LIEUT. DAVID RICHMOND.

The T. H. Mother,

FERGUS.—We can praise God for His blessed saving and keeping power. Hallelujah. We have been having wonderful times since you last heard from us. We have had our T.H. mother with us which proved a blessing in every way. We were elected and saved, we are not a tremble. Keep praying and believing, we will see the result soon. We have had Bro. Cranston who did a solid work for eternity. Bless God. Everybody still pray. Amen.

CAPT. M. ELLIOTT.

One Precious Soul.

ACTON.—We are still alive in this part of the battlefield, and are gaining ground. The soldiers are taking hold of God, and things look better. Yesterday, after a hard battle, we were rejoiced to see one precious soul at the mercy seat. Jesus met with him, and in the wind-up he gave his testimony twice. Others are deeply convicted. We are believing for them. Holy living is what will conquer. Let us live holy, comrades.

ALLIE BLAIN.

Quaker Jack.

THAMESFORD.—We are very glad to be able to write to you and tell you of the fight here. The people here are beginning to shove our love for you, and we can see they bought all we had. We are having good times here, and though we see no souls saved yet, still God gives us victory another way. Wednesday night Bro. Ford and Bonnett led us a good time. We had Capt. and Mrs. Simcoe with us afternoon and night when another came. She said, "I never prayed, I want you to pray for me." This too did, and she told the Saviour how bad she had been and how the devil in fine style, and has kept it up, too. Last night, good crowd. A work was done for eternity. Jesus shall have Thamesford yet.

CAPT. WRIGHT.

Eternity Work.

MONTREAL II—Praise God this morning finds us well saved. Hallelujah! Yesterday (Sunday) meetings good all day. In the holiness meeting we all went in to get more of God. In the afternoon blessed open-air. Attention better than ever has been before and we believe a work was done for eternity. We mean victory through the Blood.

LIEUT. M. GAUDE.

God Never Forsakes.

STANSTEAD JUNCTION — Some time has passed away since our last report but this month has been one of victory. Four have left the ranks of the enemy and come over to the side of God, and then an the fifth two more came to Jesus, on the twenty-first three more came to the fountain, and on the twenty-third seven more sought cleansing in the life-giving stream, making in all for the month sixteen souls. The Lord did it all, praise His dear name. Prayer and faith brings the victory. We are determined to trust Him all the way for He has promised to never leave or forsake us.

CAPT. J. B. MEEKER.

Another Enrolment.

DHESDEN.—Praise the Lord, we are gaining ground here in spite of the devil and all his attractions. Last Wednesday night the *D. O. was here and enrolled* seven more recruits under the blood and fire flag. It was a blessed time, two souls came to Christ at the close of the meeting. Three for the week. Five sought the blessing of holiness in the morning meeting. Capt. H— rendered us good service during the day. We still march forward to greater victories. Altogether, comrades.

CAPT. JONES.

Still Going On.

COMBER.—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," Comber is still marching forward and the poor backsliders are proving there is no place like home nor no friend like Jesus, for he meets them while they are yet a great way off, and although we rejoice over the few who have come to our Saviour our prayer is still that God may bring many more to Himself. We do feel confident that there are a number who come to our meetings who are almost persuaded and we are determined our God shall reign.

CAPT. SOARS.

God holds the Reins.

AMHERSTBURG.—This morning we do thank God for His keeping power. We have seen nobody saved for quite a while, but we can say we have got, "I will not be discouraged for Jesus is my Friend." The people seem very hard, but we will treat God, knowing that He holdeth the reins of this world in His hands. A few days ago we had a glorious Sunday morning, "When I bired with a man for a season I patched up all the clothes I had and took them with me. Now," said he, "when I come to God I brought all, I kept nothing back, my all is laid on the altar this morning, praise God." Oh, for more people who will bring their all to God and dare to leave it there, is the prayer of our hearts. Perfect obedience brings perfect peace to the soul.

CAPT. M. COWAN.

EASTERN CHOW-CHOW

PREPARED AT THE

Eastern Headquarters.

He belonged to the P— corps, ha! *just brought* his vessel into St. John harbor, and was making things boss, in the stock room. Headquarters. "It's very nice sailing in summer, but you've got to look out for the dense fogs, for your apt to leave upon the rocks, etc.," said he, as the bounst for his wife was being tied up.

* * *

Beware comrades, when the fog of disappointment, discouragement, etc. sets in lest you run your barque upon the rocks of time and be eternally crushed.

* * *

What with new openings, how to push the "War Cry", building of new barracks, notes, etc? I see D. O. Happy Bill has gotten to himself a scribe to help rush the war.

* * *

Things are moving nicely in Bill's District. Capt. Gardiner has got a good hold, at Indiantown, Capt. Phillips is going a head at Chelsea, Brother Hale is full blown. While at St. John I, Sunday meetings was the best they've had for weeks. Was God in your meetings Sunday?

* * *

A candidate giving her testimony says, "When asked by an officer on one occasion before saved, if I read my bible, I replied, I prefer to read people." She further states that the S. A. people puzzled her."

* * *

Comrade is your life consistent? Will it bear inspection? May God make us more than ever a puzzle to the devil.

* * *

Pugwash, in the Halifax District, evidently means business. The fellowing is a weeks' work accomplished there not long ago. Forty-seven hours spent in visitation, Twenty-three families called on, and one soul won for God besides the meetings *open airs, etc. How did you spend your* time at?

* * *

The meeting was a very impressive one. Three souls knelt at the form. I was in conversation with a young man, who after a little thought and delay, answered me thus, "not to-night." Where shall the sinner and the ungodly appear, oh where?

* * *

"Lord, send along some candidates," was the prayer uttered by one who has charge of the department at Eastern Headquarters, a few days ago. May his prayer be answered. We want young men and lassies too, who are well saved and desperate for God.

* * *

Comrades who are on fire for souls, the war in the East demands you. Send in your application to Major Deakin at once.

* * *

Boarding the train and taking my seat, I found it interesting in the extreme to watch the many passengers around me. How many I noticed were interested about their business, the sports and pleasures of the world, the latest fashions, etc, but how *very few took any interest whatever in* spiritual things.

* * *

The newsboy soon spied our red guernsays, S.S., etc., and as usual had his "religious tracts" for us. Grand mission he goes through the world with the imprint of God's divine stamp of love upon you. Do you wear the uniform? If not, you are missing it.

* * *

It would be a shame to mention the corps or officers, name, but out of a roll of 54 soldiers, 7 turned out to knee-drill Sunday morning. I shouldn't be at all surprised if the work of saving souls was at a stansstill at that place.

* * *

Brother H——said, "I always understood there was a tried, but would not believe in a Christ till I saw the Salvation Army. They forced me to believe in Him, for I saw His life manifested in the soldiers. Now He lives with me, walks with me, and keeps me unspotted from sin."

* * *

Remember comrades, your actions will live long after your testimony is hushed.

* * *

The Chow-Chow man believes, not only in receiving, but giving out again. New officers, if you have anything that is well seasoned send it along to Headquarters at once.

* * *

But prospects never looked brighter than they do at present. Oh, the grand possibilities and prospects for young men and women to spend their lives and talents wholly for God and the salvation of the crowds who still sit in the blackness and darkness of sin and despair. You are God's blood-bought and blood-redeemed property. Why hold back?

* * *

By-the-bye, this Candidates' question must be faced by you at once. Said a young fellow a few days ago. "No matter what Cay I take hold of, it is bound to contain a call for the work. I can't get away from it." Yes, this is what the War Cry believes in, arousing saints to a sense of their duty, as well as sinners to a sense of their danger. The call shall go forth. Will you obey?

* * *

"A white elephant! A white elephant!" shouted some of the H.Q. boys a few nights ago. On looking out of the window I saw a man wheeled a baby white elephant. It proved to be two boys who had doubled themselves up into the shape of this animal, and for attraction it was immense. Could our officers and friends come up inside of attracting people? Try it! and let the Scribe know how it succeeds.

Toronto's Great

Camp Meetings

A Living Salvation Army,
Great Expectations Realized,
Our Foes Surprised.

Marvellous Testimonies.

Crowds of Saved Drunks.

Intercessory Prayer.
Many Souls Liberated.

THE CAMP ALL ON FIRE!

A stranger casually dropping in upon the grounds at Walls' Hill during the afternoon of the 29th June would have seen very little to betoken an "Eight Days' Campaign against the Devil." Dotted here and there was a tent or two and a few lads, who, with coats off, were pegging away pitching other tents and getting ready the refreshment stall and the various cooking appliances. Everybody on the grounds at this early hour seemed to be intent on doing something to make the meetings a success. The willing hands and hard work of the sanctified carpenters and the T. H. boys had been working for some days previous fixing a fence around the grounds, and before midnight on Saturday tents were pitched, things made square generally, and all hands retired to bed with unbounded confidence in God for mighty victories during the first Sunday's meetings.

For situation and beauty this camp ground cannot be excelled in Toronto. From the top of the hill one looks down upon the Queen City, which scene is made more lovely by Lake Ontario, which forms the back ground. There is a nice square plot of cleared ground in the centre on which stands the big tent and another smaller one, under which the meetings are held. A beautiful bush surrounds this square plot, and among the trees are dotted the tents of various officers, soldiers, and friends, giving the whole place a warlike appearance.

At early bugle call on Sunday morning there was quite a stir in the camp and many took the advantage of attending the first knee-drill to invoke God's blessing upon the series of meetings. The special subject was "An outpouring of God's spirit." Major Margetts laid down God's conditions for the receipt of His divine gift, and Col. Bailey read a very appropriate verse, "For the Lord, thy God, walketh in the midst of the camp. How blessedly true this was will be shown later on.

By this time things had got quite interesting. Riverside band boys kept things alive in and around their tent with their band practice and various songs. Major Margette flitted hither and thither a lambkin walking, active, lively, working, little Salvationist. True, his job was not the easiest, but God modelled him to get things into ship-shape order.

The Commissioner took hold of the holiness meeting at eleven o'clock. He made a telling thrust as he told of some who had the habit of sealing their hearts against the truth and throttling out the light. "May God give us a hungering appetite for spiritual things," continued he, "and if God says, 'Thou art the man,' or 'Thou art the woman,' be willing to obey and come up to His standard." "How to be made and kept holy," was the subject, and so introduce Col. Baily read of Naaman, the leper, healing home the truth by reading 2nd Ces. v. 2.

Here Commissioner called for testimonies on the line of the subject:

"Church God, I am out of the seventh chapter of Romans and into the eighth," shouted Happy Jimmy, from Richmond, St. "By this shall man know that ye are My disciples,' because ye love Commissioner? Oh, no. The Colonel? Oh, no. 'Because ye love the brethren.' Thank God, I love everybody," and Jimmy sat down shouting, "Oh, glory."

Another beautiful thought was brought out by a brother who said, "I am not strong, but if God wants me to follow Him He will make me as hard as iron. I only want to hear Him say, 'Go ahead, Bykes,' and I'm the man to obey, Hallelujah!"

"Power into strengthless souls He speaks and life into the dead," was the experience of a Cadet. "I find that the best way to get out of trouble is to help somebody else out," said another girl.

Staff-Capt. Walton gave a very definite and clear testimony, and then another brother gave a beautiful testimony, the pith of it being as follows:

"The blood of Jesus warms my heart, and although I am not an officer I work to provide his knaws of war. These hands, these feet, this body, all belongs to God. Oh, how can I keep still!" and suiting the action to the word he jumped up on a seat and pourrd out his soul in joy.

Another brother, alluding to Naaman, the leper, told us how he used to quibble with himself and say, "Are not the waters of the Presbyterian church better than all others? Cannot I get washed and do right by coming up for a crowd?" But he got the light in the Army, as usual.

At this juncture Staff-Capt. McHardy, in a very clearly defined way told how holiness was to be obtained and how kept. "Faith in God" lashed the secret of it all.

The Commissioner in drawing this meeting to a close said how many fearful people there were about, afraid to take and trust God as their Deliverer, and just as the blacksmith's arm gets stronger after every blow he gives so the child of God grows stronger spiritually after every fresh exercise in faith. Then he dwelt on the words, "But he was a leper," saying how infinitely limitless was God's power in the worst cases of sin and wickedness. Nine precious souls sought deliverance at the penitent form. One had disobeyed God's call to the work; another was afraid to speak for God; another gave up his tobacco, and one and all proved the truth of the promise, "From all your idols will I cleanse you." Hallelujah! It was a blessed meeting and a deal of eternity work was done.

But how can I begin to describe that afternoon meeting? For a half hour previous to this, little groups of officers and soldiers had besieged the Throne, had wrestled with God in prayer, and God's Spirit hovered everywhere. Those who listened to the testimonies will not soon forget them. "I will declare what the Lord hath done for my soul," was the theme, and I wish we could give one reading every testimony, but a few will be read with interest.

A colored woman from G—— said, "The devil wanted to tell me that when I got to Toronto among the big guns I should have to keep my mouth shut, but glory to God I can't. She sang a song with the chorus, "The winter will soon be over" and I tell you, she did sing, and we joined in.

"Eighteen months ago to-morrow I sat in old Richmond street barracks a confirmed infidel, but thank God to day I am a saved man." So said another brother.

Another brother mounted a stool and with a face beaming with joy said: "My wife told me not to get up, but I must tell you what salvation has done for me. It has given me a happy wife, a happy home, made me a good husband, and turned me right-side-up. Twenty-five dollars would have bought me out before I got saved, but thank God now I am rich and I'm just the boy that knows it. I love the army more than ever. I care not for all the news, I shall not be moved."

A brother from England said: "Not many hours ago I landed in Canada. I came from a little country called England, and I am not ashamed of my country. I love the Old Country, and I love the new one I have come to, and what is best I love God with all my heart.

Blessing Jimmy shouted out:—"Friends I don't believe in a long-faced religion. Some people have a religion as long as my arm, ask them if they are saved, they say, 'I hope so.' Well, I know I am, I know the very spot when the devil and all his crape were turned out.

Daddy Dickson, the old Alice street veteran, was still sweatly saved. And another brother told how, when unmarried he had kicked his poor wife, leaving the mark on Her up to this very day, but with tears in his eyes he said, "The past is under the blood."

Captain Manton sang, and then a three months' old convert from Lisgar street, gave a most thrilling testimony. He had been a terrible drunkard, and the pitch of his testimony was:—"When I knelt at the penitent form I died immediately and was born immediately. Salvation turned out my little dirty tricks; turned the whiskey out; helped me to pay my bills; I used to be a good customer of the devil's he hated to part with me. I did not get saved through reading an almanac or newspaper. Even the chairs used to get in my way and made me mad. The rent pile say to me now 'Jim what are you laughing at?' When on a drunk I would go to a saloon, call for whiskey and tell the saloon-keeper to put me down so much on tick. My plug hat was not paid for. There are a lot of plug hats under the tent not paid for. When I woke up this morning my first words were, "hurrah for the camp-meetings. Now I can see the sun on both sides of the fence. I can give you three months' advice. Camp meetings is the stuff." And as the dear fellow went on ceasing roars of laughter all over the tent. It was good to listen to him.

Mr. Clark, a missionary just returned from China, gave a great testimony to God's power to help among the heathens, telling of the Chinaman who, because he could not get the building to fit the square which he was using bended the square to fit the building. Then applying this he said there were many who were trying to bend God's word to suit their lusts and desires.

Then Mr. Goodeham, told how he was led to give up wearing his diamond ring and other jewellery, and a blessed, joyful, happy, free-and-easy came to a close. The attack was again renewed at night and the meeting was a very powerful one.

Staff-Capt. McHardy read of the one who asked Jesus whether there would be many or few saved, and by the power of God forced home the personal question upon every soul. "Are you saved?" The Spirit gripped many hearts as Staff-Capt. Walton and Griffith talked to sinners' hearts, and several came to God in the prayer meeting. Thus ended the first Sunday's Campaign on the camp grounds.

The fourteen for salvation and three for sanctification was a grand finish to the Sunday night meeting.

Monday began well, with a good soul-stirring knee-drill, led by Staff-Capt. McHardy and many definite experiences were given. Colonel Bailey led the holiness meeting, when several came out for holiness and purity of heart. The afternoon meeting had been announced as a "musical meeting," and the Commissioner at the out set introduced two brand new songs which he had told like hot cakes. Among those who testified was an "Ottawa Ex-magistrate," who being in the city thought he could not spend Dominion Day better than by going to the B. Camp Meeting. He had been sacrificed under Capt. Hind at Ottawa. Then the Rev. Mr. Salmon also introduced Mrs. Walker of Rhode Island, Mass., who had been healed of a cancer. In giving her testimony she said, "I was then a quakeress, she was not used to such a welcome. She had believed on Jesus for a long time, but in the last nine months she saw Jesus in a new light, as the Healer of the body. She was suffering from a cancer, which was becoming exceedingly painful, and although she had believed on Jesus as one able to heal, yet there was a great difference, between theoretical and practical knowledge of his ability. While in the city she became convinced that she ought to be anointed and Mr. Salmon performed that ceremony upon her. The same night while in bed she distinctly heard a voice say to her, 'I am the Lord that healeth thee.' She answered, "Lord I have taken Thee for my healer." This was repeated three times, the last time the voice said, "Put thy hand upon the spot," and when she did so, she felt a hard lump was completely removed, and left it as soft as a child's. Addresses were also given by Mr. Salmon, Mr. Goodeham, and and Mr. Dixon, of the camp meetings.

A march around the camp between meeting meetings stirred things up, heralded by the combined bands. Colonel Bailey led a grand meeting, and 10 came forward for pardon and one for sanctification.

Tuesday morning knee drill was led by Brigade-Capt. Moss, and a blessed time was held, led by Major Margetts. Staff-Capt. Banks led the holiness and afternoon meetings, but the chief event of the day was the "Officers' Demonstration." Colonel Bailey who was proceeding on tour through the North West Territories sang his farewell song out of the "Cry." Captains Warder and Better sang. Then Capt. Werry rang one of his songs with chorus, "Take another look." Captains Cooper and Dawson spoke, Bennie solos, Captain Frith and Lieut McIntyre spoke, Captain Frith and Lieut McIntyre followed for the North West, where with Colonel Bailey and Capt. Foy they proceeded on the following day. One got properly saved; and another came through, after nearly an hours' struggle.

Wednesday morning's knee-drill was led by Capt. Butler.

(More next week.)

—THAT—
HALLELUJAH WEDDING

(At Uxbridge.)

Right glad was I to be able to again visit the lively little town of Uxbridge, this time to do my share in uniting two tried and tested soldiers for God and the war, I had prayed for a wonderful time, and God gave it to us.

It was on the first of July, and never did I feel more thankful for salvation than I did that Monday night. Crowds of all and young, rich and poor, thronged the depot platforms seeking pleasure, but it took very little time for a sanctified soul to see the state of rumores and unrest raging on beneath the gaudy dress and the surface smile. But *pleasure and fun are their gods*, and to their shrine these distracted deluded crowds bow down, until death snatches many of them from the very altar steps of these gods. *The young, the gay, the proud, must die and are shrouded.*

But to the wedding. Hallelujah Tom Michiel met me at the depot, and was doing good salvation work, *broadcasting the dodgers* announcing the wedding. Up to this time I had been totally ignorant as to who the happy couple were to be, but my ignorance vanished as Bro. *Jesse Savage*, an old officer and a comrade in arms while I was in the Otoiheen Division came up and reported me to the bridegroom, his intended, Sister Daniels, a soldier of the Uxbridge corps.

The march and open-air were both grand, and the Holy Spirit drove home the truth, as it was given to the crowd of worldlings who had gathered along the sidewalk. The best inside was almost unbearable, but quite a big crowd gathered to witness the barracks being comfortably filled, and God blessed a quakeress, "I've found a friend in Jesus," was very appropriate, and went with a swing. God brought the great crowd *face to face with eternal realities* as we prayed. Capt. Michiel sang a song from the City, and then for nearly an hour there was a continual string of happy, joyous testimonies. And there are some marvels of God's saving grace in the "Uxbridge corps.

About nine o'clock all eyes were directed to the little side door, and while the band boys played, the bride and bridegroom walked in, supported by Capt. Michiel and Capt. Grant, and the Rev. Mr. Adams, who was to *legally* bind the happy pair, although belonging to a quieter regiment of God's great S.A., he felt quite at home.

A few words from the Book, and a bit of explanation with regard to hallelujah weddings, and the Articles of Marriage were read. Great attention prevailed as one by one these were read, and the crowd of Godless, careless people, were led to see *how much there really is* in a wedding of this kind.

Our reverend brother then took hold of the matter, and the "I will," from both Jesse and his wife, sounded as if they *meant all they said.* Hallelujah! Then in a few burning words of warning and entreaty Brother and Mrs. Savage told of what God had done for them, and what He could do for sinners. Capt. Bella Grant sang that soul-gripping solo, "Ongward, you onward, does time in its flight." Then God helped your humble servant, the writer, to show the sinners the power of the Blood and the awful meanness and *danger of re-crucifying Christ.* How they drank in the words! but the devil seemed to be well playing his cards, and with his great tool, indifference, succeeded in keeping them from the mercy-seat, but I know somebody will be saved from what they saw, heard or felt in that meeting.

After the meeting we spent a very precious time at the house of the parents of the bride. Some unsaved ones who had gathered there, must have had a terrible struggle as we sang, "Ask the Saviour to help you." To me this wedding was a great blessing, and from the very start till we left the home of Sister Daniels, God's seal was set upon everything. I do believe that the "hallelujah unions with Jesus, the Man of Sorrows," which will arise out of this wedding will be many, and that there will be a number around the Throne who will be saved through it. *"It was at the wedding ceremony of Bro. Savage and Sister Daniels at Uxbridge, on July 1st, 1889, that I determined to be God's for time and eternity."* May His great it.

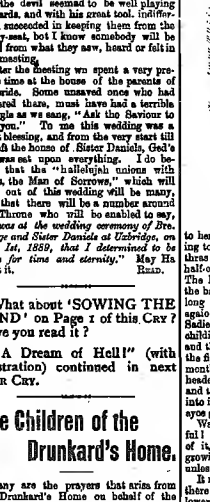
READ.

What about 'SOWING THE WIND' on Page 1 of this CRY? Have you read it?

"A Dream of Hell!" (with illustration) continued in next WAR CRY.

The Children of the Drunkard's Home.

Many are the prayers that arise from the Drunkard's Home on behalf of the children of our soldiers, and with all the earnestness we are capable of we are believing for something in the way of a creche for them, for it is impossible to come in contact with the drunken mothers without our hearts being wrung out in an anguish of pity, for more little ones that we know



and see are almost inevitably being trained up in their parents' footsteps.

The mere sight was enough, and the multitude more than we don't meet, dwarfed in body and mind and soul with the sips from their mother's cup; whiskey-fed, under sized, half-starved, nourished on oaths and blows—thirsting for evil so eagerly.

One of our rules is that children are not to be admitted. But how one longs for some one to mother the pretty wee-lambs that come to us—so sweet and precious!—that the old devil is cherishing with increasing zeal and skill. The little things—all bone and skin, and rags and grime—they come to us, and sling to us till one seems to feel the tooth of their savage bite fasten on one's back.

It is almost nonsuitable to know how certainly they are ripening for hell—hell on earth at any rate.

It fairly sets our blood curdling at the stories told us of cruelty by some little voice, in that tone of wistful self-pity, mixed with soft little sighs, half sadness, half pleasure, at the unaccustomed warmth of Salvation love, as they abandon themselves in a composed lump in our arms, and one feels the pressure of the wee hands and feet. The piteous tales that might be told of our children here. One fair angel baby—shaken and worried by her mother, as a dog would shake a rat—dead now, praise the Lord, safe in heaven—died in convulsions. Our baby "jail-bird," fighting and shrieking to get through the bars to her mother, with her puny fingers trying to shake down the huge iron gates; ten years old, smacking her lips over her half-cup of whiskey, begging for more. The little lad—chained hand and foot to the bare cold floor in a dark cellar all the long night, and thrashed and thrashed again by a drunken fiend—our precious Sadie, scared with the poker, that for some childish fault the mother heated red-hot and thrust into the quivering chest, tearing the flesh away with it. Or to see our nine-months' baby pitched along a frantic header at the small of the whiskey bottle, and to stuff the neck of it, cork and all, into its thirsting little throat, its bright eyes glaring like a small wild cat.

We could have shrieked, it was so pitiful! Oh! the heartrending agonizing pity of it, to know that they are inevitably growing up coarse, and vile, and loveless, unless they are rescued.

It makes one feel so hotly indignant that there are not more of the professed followers of Jesus Christ to help us.

Some of our young ladies who are sitting at the piano, singing sentimental love songs to the Lord, patting yourselves on the back for your sensitiveness because your eyes moisten as you sing of the "baby fingers pressed upon the window pane." If you loved the Lord you would fly to feed His sheep, to feed His lambs. "Not called to work." Oh, such bosh! Called to the wailing cry from the suffering little ones, let alone the older sinners. Do, for pity's sake, quit fooling about your creeds and feelings, and instead of keeping calling, calling to your Jesus to come to your help, listen to His voice, and hear how urgent He is calling to you to come to His help, to help Him rescue the perishing. You could help me with the children anyway. Put your ear down and hear the sweet childish prayers, feel the warm, tender lips against your cheek. Let them cling, let the soft arms strangle a little round your throat, then picture that child a filthy, drink-besotted, sickening old woman, and see if you can sit still and read novels in your rocking chair.

CADET K.

"Her Sinful Past" continued in next CRY. Buy it! Read it! Sell it!!!

"Captain Saved!" (reprinted by request) will appear in next week's WAR CRY.

A LIFE STORY.

CAPT. J. H. MERRETT.

WOULD like to be saved, but I cannot go to that penitent-form. I would rather go to hell than go out there and make a fool of myself."

Such was the answer given to an officer by a fashionable young lady, in one of our barracks, in reply to the question, "would you not like to be saved?"

And it might not be out of place right here to give a short account of the life of this gay but foolish young woman.

She was born of respectable, well-to-do parents, her father being a prominent business man, as well as taking an active part in both municipal and political matters. Her mother was very fashionable, and moved in the best society of the town, though at the same time the was an active member of a fashionable church, and was very liberal in her support of charitable institutions and other good works. The natural result of such surroundings was that this young woman became quite a leader of fashion in the town, while at the same time she also sang in the choir of the church, taught a class in Sunday school, and was otherwise connected with religious and social affairs.

It is not necessary to give in detail all the particulars of her early life, as it will be easily understood that a girl in her position would be well educated and instructed in the various forms of social refinement and culture, such as, for instance, music, dancing, etiquette, and so on. As she grew up, she could often be seen at the theatre, as well as at church and other entertainments, at which her fine vocal talent made her quite a favorite. Besides this, she could, of course, as I have said before, be found in her place at church and Sunday school on Sunday, and altogether she was looked upon as a very fine, cultured, amiable companion by many a person in the town, and her company was much sought after, by both the male and the gentler sex, though often she was the subject of much rivalry among the former, and of more jealousy and envy among the latter.

Such was her position when she paid her first visit to the barracks, in company with some of her worldly, so-called Christian companions, as they hopped to stroll by the barracks one Sunday afternoon, as those of their school, and they were attracted inside by hearing the lively singing.

They sat pretty well towards the back, and as the testimonies were given, and the singing was proceeded with, them got from the platform. At the close they were all sold likewise. While at a third people did not even know there was such a thing as conscience. Now, such such corps should raise their orders right away, and let everybody know about them.

Just in, a large stock of splendid new "Blood and Fire S.S." and "Maple Leaf Budget," which are the best papers for proper. I must say I like them much better than the last or any we have had for a long time. Don't fail to secure what you want of them at once and show your colors.

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I often wonder why more soldiers and others do not make greater use of the beautiful "Soldier's Guide." It's so very convenient and well arranged to suit everybody, both families and individuals, public meetings. There are the portions arranged for morning and evening of every day in the year, with short, beautiful fragments for mid-day reading (leaves for plucking), which enables you to read it through in the year. It's just nice size for the pocket. All Salvationists would do well to secure it. Grand for officers visiting, and soldiers and others at business. They are good value, look well, and wear well. Price 25c, 50c and 60c each.

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The orders for goods filled and sent out to the different corps from the Trade Department upon one day recently, when counted, numbered 60. This don't look like dying out.

T. D.

"I must see him before I die." At first her friends refused, trying to persuade her that their own minister was better, but finding it was of no use, they at last consented, and very reluctantly despatched a messenger after him.

"Oh, Captain," she said, upon his arrival and introduction into her chamber, "is it true! it is true! The verse you read this afternoon, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' I made my choice. I said I would rather go to hell than to the Army penitent-forms, and God is giving me my choice."

All efforts to get her to believe and accept Christ failed, and shortly after she passed away, her last words being "It is true! Pride goeth before destruction."

Bad, and warning, but how many are following in her footsteps, and though they may not have said the same words, yet in their actions they do the same as this poor, deluded girl, and will surely prove, to their sorrow, if they do not turn, that "pride is an abomination to God," for "He resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble."

Another Life Story in next week's WAR CRY.

"H. Q."

Some S. A. friends visiting this wonderful Temple the other day, when passing through the different departments, caught sight of a great pile of "Song Books" almost from floor to ceiling, and exclaimed in astonishment, "why don't our officers get some for the people, who cannot get one at the meetings?" (Was this your corps?) The reply was made as of before, "they are here for sending for." Order now.

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It gave us great pleasure recently to fill an order of no less than 1,000 "Song Books." Now, strike a proper tune. Several D. O.'s have hit upon a good plan in taking a quantity round with them on their tours, and so giving each corps a chance of securing them at their special meetings. This might be done with great advantage. Try it

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We are hearing all the time of the tremendous eagerness of the people to see "All the World." For instance, one said the night they arrived the Capt. just said "they had come." This was in a small week night meeting, and at the close there was not one left. At another corps they didn't even say a word about them from the platform. At the close they were all sold likewise. While at a third people did not even know there was such a thing as conscience. Now, such such corps should raise their orders right away, and let everybody know about them.

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T. D.

London and Stratford Division.

Trades' Union March.

MITCHELL.—This morning of a truth we feel that the Lord is a buckler to them that walketh uprightly. Talk about the Army going down, why you ought to have been around last Wednesday when we marched out at night with axes, spades, washboards and all such things, and while the spectators looked on and no doubt some of them thought we were a little off, especially when Capt. Armstrong gave them a step dance on the market square, but we accomplished our object which was to bring the people in. On Saturday night we had a childrens' jubilee and the children marched out about fifty strong and the senior soldiers joined them on the main street. The people were again taken by surprise. We had a wonderful time in the open-air, and we believe good was done. We are marching on so conquer.

CAPT. S. WIGGINS.

Melted to Tears.

SEAFORTH.—This morning finds us trusting in the Lord and doing good and fighting hard against the powers of sin and darkness. We have had some real soul-refreshing times the past week, and last night Sister Thompson farewelled for the field, and many were melted in tears as they saw their need of farewelling to sin, but the "not to-night" devil got them again. Our prayer is that God will save the lost.

CAPT. G. MILLER.

How Do You Dress?

MARTHASVILLE.—Our hearts are filled to overflowing with love and gratitude toward God for His goodness and love towards us in this place. Although we have not got a barracks suitable for salvation meetings, yet God comes very near and fills our hearts with joy. We have had a dedicatory meeting. The sisters (who have been dressing to the honor and glory of God for years) put on feathers and bustles and in this way have shown to the world more practically than by anything they could say how ridiculous such things are. I heard some one say that the crowd in the open-air was the largest ever seen in Marthasville. We closed the meeting with one wanderer back into the fold.

LIEUT. T. A. MAGEE.

A Dedication.

CLINTON—Glory to God, we are doing our level best to lift Jesus up to the a-benighted people of this place, but they seem rather to choose sin, misery and death than to look and have life. On June 7th we had with us Major Morris, Capt. Miller and Capt. Hazlett, when six soldiers were enrolled and Failsur and Mother West had a child dedicated to the *Lord. Things are looking* up and all are going in for mere liberty.

LIEUT. J. KITT.

Six Months in Jail.

LONDON—Rain, rain, rain has been the order of the day of late, but we can say *none of these things move us, for in* the midst of the mud we have been receiving showers of blessings. One good case has been converted in the jail, though he must spend six months in the Central Prison he is sure of victory. God will go to prison with him. Several have been at the penitent form for salvation and some of them are turning out to be good. Every one look out for the great *London Camp* Meetings commencing July 1st.

CICERO JONES.

Eighteen Souls.

PETROLIA—Glory to God, we are blessedly saved this morning and fighting away at the old devil. He is looking disappointed. Since our last report we have had the pleasure of seeing seventeen souls taken from the ranks of the devil and it takes him little 'said, but we have got a Master who knows no defeat at all. To God be all the glory.

CADET HODGSON.

Peterboro' Division.

A Heavy Combat.

BOBOAYGEON.—Farewell orders from Odessa. We soon find ourselves on the train for Boboayegeon. Hel a combat with the devil by the way. Od with us every step of the way, and living us victory. The God who divided the sea, is our God, and though the waves of sin are high and rough, and souls are drifting down the tide, we believe God is taking hold of the people, and we trust for victory, through the blood.

CAPT. BOWAN.

OMEMEE.—We thank God this morning for victory in this place. Since last report there has been four souls come out for salvation. Thank God they got saved, and now they are fighting for God. We believe God will do greater things yet in this place. Forward is our motto.

LIEUT. THOS. WARD.

Clover to Stubble.

OANNINGTON.—We are having our first experience of a hard fight, for after three months and a half spent in hard clover fields we have been turned on the stubble. But God has wonderfully helped us during the week, we have spent in this town of notorious reputation, and last night we had the joy of seeing two souls seek the Saviour. Christ shall reign.

FRANK GERROW.

A Good Start.

MARLAND, Kinmount Out-Post.—Well, praise the Lord we are all well saved and doing our best to pull down the strongholds of satan. We came here a few days ago and found a good lot of blood-and-fire soldiers, and since coming to this place the Lord has been giving us the victory. In the holiness meeting on Sunday seven came out for sanctification and two for salvation. At the night meeting we gave all the glory to God and march on to greater victory. Yours to help save the lost.

LIEUT. BROMLEY.

The T. H. Mother.

POBT HOPE.—We Port Hopers are steadily marching on. The day of victory we often sing about is dawning on this corps, oh hallelujah! God is working in and through us, and we can see a visible result of our labor, glory to God. Saturday, Sunday and Monday we had with us our T. H. Mother, Staff-Capt. Banks, God was with us in mighty power and many were led to see themselves as never before. Our precious soul sought and found pardon, and in the afternoon marched and spoke for Jesus, praise the Lord. We mean Port Hope for our King. Yours living for the dying.

LIEUT. CHETTLE.

The Campbells Farewell.

FENELON FALLS. — After coying good bye to our comrades at Campbellford, (where three said good-bye to sin,) We arrived here feeling that we are in the place where God wants us, and determined that victory shall be ours. The fight has been hard this week, but God has given us three precious souls, hallelujah! We never will give in.

CAPT. CAMPBELL.

He Preaches the Word.

LAKEFIELD.—God is helping us in a wonderful manner to preach the word of God to the dear people of this place, and *praise* His dear name many feel that they should give Him their hearts and live for Jesus, but are held back by the devil. Last night we had a good time, and we have gone in and bind the bleeding hearts, lift up the blood-stained banner and warn them faithfully to flee from the wrath to come.

CAPT. BLACK.

More of God.

OAKWOOD.—Hallelujah, the better times are coming slow but sure. Since last you heard from us two more have come out and got washed in the precious *blood of God's Son. Bless the dear Lord* forever. Sunday, good meetings. God's power felt. The comrades are getting more of God. Hallelujah!

LIEUT. L. PURDY.

Good Earnest Souls.

OAMPBELLFORD.—We arrived in this place one week ago last Thursday, and have been storming the fortress of darkness ever since. We have had good meetings and deep conviction, but no souls. The sinners seem to be very hard, but in the strength of our King, we shall have victory. The soldiers are good and earnest for souls, and we mean to live to Jesus and use His way in us. And we are sure, He who has used us in helping on His cause in the past, will help us here.

CAPT. BARRER.

Great Ambition.

POBT PERRY.—After over four months fighting among the rocks at Bobcaygeon, *where we had some blessed soul-saving* times and where God so marvellously poured out His Spirit upon us, orders came along for Port Perry. On our arrival we met some of our comrades at the station, who made us feel quite at home, "hallelujah! we are here with a greater ambition than ever to route the devil and move the town." The attendance at our barracks on Sunday was large, although the building would have seated more. God drew precously near unto us, souls wept on account of their wickedness, in fact, some went so far as to inquire the way of salvation, but up to the present we cannot report any definite cases of conversion. We are glad to observe the soldiers are in a healthy condition, spiritually. This makes our hearts rejoice. Report later on.

CAPT. BAYES.

A Sermon Preached.

NORWOOD.—Here we are fighting for God with all our might. Myself and Lieut. Hoke have just taken charge here and feel confident of victory. We had a blessed day Sunday, one backslider came back to us, told in the afternoon, and at night Capt. preached a sermon from Matthew, 10 and 11, which took well amongst the people. Many are deeply convicted of sin and by God's help we are in to proclaim liberty to the captives and help bind up the broken hearted.

CAPT. SPENCER.

Palmerston Division.

Prayer and Faith.

CHESLEY.—We can thank God this morning for victory. Yesterday (Sunday) God's Spirit was felt in all our meetings. Nine of us met for fasting and took hold of God for our souls, and God answered our prayer at night, bless His name. Prayer and faith does bring the victory. We wound up with a march around the barracks, and the brother who God had just set free joined us and clapped his hands and looked happy and free.

CAPT. SMITH.

Colors Presented.

TEESWATER.—We are blessedly saved this morning and living low at the Saviour's feet. Although since our last report we have not seen any souls swooping their way to Calvary, it makes our hearts rejoice to know that we are on the wing, for on the 12th inst. we had Col. Bailey, assisted by Adjutant Gibbons, Brigadier Reynolds, Songster Brigade and a number of other corps, with us, and it felt heavenly and in our opinion Colonel presented us with colors, and we all more determined than ever to fight, until it bends he die, for the Master. We mean victory through the blood that bought us.

LIEUT. J. KING.

Life Watchers.

BLYTH.—Although the foe is strong and brave here, we still hold our colors and fight for God. If the people will listen to our preaching, they will save our lives, so we are in for the war. We profession before God and the world we have the smile of God, if not the pleasure of the people. What God has for us we *cannot keep from* enjoying.

LIEUT. C. TURNER.

MOOREFIELD.—Here we are again. Who? The Salvation Army. Still at in the village of Moorefield. God, we can say from the bottom of our hearts, "when the fight is hard we will give in." Our meetings were good all day Sunday, and at night, as we were marching in, our outpost, to hold a meeting, we felt God's presence right among us, and some were deeply convicted, but would not yield to the drawings of God's Spirit. The people of Hollin are very kind to us, we believe God is going to use us in bringing some of them to the foot of the cross.

LIEUT. J. HIND.

Quaker Meetings.

TIVERTON.—The congregation come and see Quaker meetings. The old march came off like old-time S. A. meetings. The result of them is good attendance, order, and conviction. The meetings have come yet, but there was a mighty ingathering of cheese, butter, meat, biscuit, and buns, the first time we have seen since we came to Tiverton. God bless the boys who brought them. They know how to do cooking in a hurry. One thing about them, they don't forget their Hallelujah mothers every night. We are praying for their salvation.

CAPT. A. SHERWOOD.

A Good Determination.

BRUSSELS.—We are thankful to our God for the way he has blessed us since we come here. We are having blessed meetings. The power of God is felt in our meetings. *Glory to His dear name!* We are determined, by the grace of God, to have the victory in this place.

CAPT. KENNEDY.

Another Shot Down.

PORT ELGIN.—Praise God this morning. *Jesus is the same, yesterday*, to-day and for evermore. Since coming here God has wonderfully blessed my soul, and the dear Lord has given us three souls, three properly saved, and still gives them grace to fight on and do His blessed will. After having a week's fight with the feet, we were enabled by God's help to obtain victory over one more prisoner, shot down and the wounds attended to by the Great Physician, who alone can cure all diseases and set the captive sinner free. Double victory resting on many more. Look out for reports.

CAPT. JOHN P. JONES.

A Grand Work.

PALMERSTON.—Onward! forward! is the command. After fighting over six months in the town Palmerston in command of the 59th corps, we can look over the time spent there with hearts full of gratitude to God for having given us victory in every way. He has also to see that the door comrades are better prepared for the fight which they have to enter. Backwire forty souls have been captured out of the enemy's ranks.

of that number have been enrolled as S. A. soldiers, others are in training. Some have moved away, while a few have joined the church. At our farewell meeting on Sunday night two souls farewelled to sin, while at the close of the farewell two of our comrades sang, "God be with you till we meet again." The friends seed comrades joined in the chorus. Our prayer is God be with them till we meet around the throne of God and hear the angels sing us a soldiers' welcome home. We march forward to lead the Winghaim braves on to battle. No retreat is our motto.

E. FIELDER.

A God-guided Move.

WALKERTON.—Well, since our last report we have had a move from Chesley to Walkerton; we have come in the name of God, and we believe God is going to give us victory. We are here now four days. Have not much to report yet, but we have good order. Deep conviction in the meeting Sunday night; could have heard a pin drop. Bless God! God was with us in mighty power. Something surely must give way when the children of God begin to pray. Amen.

CAPT. L. BOTTER.

A Hallelujah Fiddle.

LISTOWEL.—Glad to report that we are still having the victory here in Listowel. On Friday night we had with us Col. Bailey, Adjt. Cousins, Capts. Fisher and Walker, the big fried fists, also Lieut. Martin, the Nightingale singer. I am sure if you had seen our march you would say it was a nice sight. There were plug hats, red pants, red dresses, and full uniform. My, my! what a sight! God meeting inside, enrolment of soldiers, presentation of colors; altogether we had a blessed time, and we believe great good was done, though no souls were saved. We say "come again, Colonel, as many as you can." May the Lord help us at all times to do His will. The Rock is doing well. Hallelujah!

CAPT. BROBENSHIRE.

Barrie Division.

Sea-Sick Girls.

PARRY SOUND. — Arrived here on Saturday night, tired and sea-sick, but well in our coats, got something to eat and a good nights' rest, and on Sunday had a good welcome by forty soldiers and a host of friends; and the best of all three precious souls met on at the fountain and got their sins forgiven. We had a good march at night and open-air meeting. Hall packed, about two hundred. There is no reason why there should not be a good work done, for we have the victory and feel we are the girls for the place. And with the help of God we will so number our days as to apply our hearts unto the wisdom that we need to win souls for Jesus. By the power of His cross we shall win.

CAPT. E. BROKENSHIRE.

A Good Fight.

BEETON.—It is a long while since you have heard of us from this part of the battle ground. We are still *fighting* on for our King who knows no defeat. After a long fight against sin, we can shout victory over seeing three precious souls won for heaven. We'll fight the fight for God and right, and never will give in.

CAPT. CARAHER.

The Happy Dane.

NEWMARKET.—The devil knows we are not dead yet. We have had some good times since our last report. All day Sunday the Spirit of God was upon the meetings in power, and three precious souls came to the fountain, and we believe they got right, hallelujah! and a lot more just like them are on the way. The old book says, "The way of the wicked is as darkness. They know not at what they stumble." May God bless and save the wicked ones of Newmarket. Amen.

LIEUT. H. SCHWANER.

Five Professors.

COLLINGWOOD.—We are still advancing here, though slowly, yet the Lord is enabling us to make it sure as we advance. Five professors have sought the fulness of love and could you have heard their testimonies so they rose from their knees you would say they got it too, hallelujah! Rev. Dr. Campbell, the Presbyterian Minister was with us last night and spoke from Luke, xiv. 16,21. It was beautiful, the Lord enabled him to lay out the plan of salvation so plain. We are conquering.

JOE. THOMPSON.

Some Big Guns.

OBILLIA.—In Orillia God is working in and through His followers. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday last, we held our Fifth Anniversary meetings. Major Glover, D. O. Body, and Brig. Capt. Goodall to the front. Many were led to weep in Sunday afternoon's meeting while Capt. Goodall gave a short account of her work in the Second Home. She laid God's claims before the people, it indeed made *us feel* we were doing little or nothing to lift up the fallen and to care for the dying. In the evening meeting two prodigals came home to their Father's house. Monday night was a time long to be remembered. Such a march, and the size of it, then inside four more were seen wending their way to the foot of the cross. God is good He does pardon the backslider. We close with a hallelujah wind-up, making six in all who have stepped out for God and right. This week we are praying and believing for more.

CAPT. F. SQUIRE.

Ottawa Division.

ALMONTE.—Our faith runs high for glorious victories in this place. After almost nine months of the battle at Waterloo we come to this beautiful town and got a right royal warm-hearted reception from the dear soldiers and friends, God bless them! We just tumbled down over head in love with them for our Lord's sake, Hallelujah! We have had a few good meetings, and yesterday (Sunday) was a high day to our souls. Twenty met for kneedrill (a healthy sign for God) and a soul-refreshing time. God with us all day. As I came in the hall for our evening open-air ray soul shouted "hallelujah" as I heard the dear comrades sing on their knees, "Give me a hearn like Thine." I tell you what, they have learned to pray a bit here, and something surely must give way when the children of God begin to pray. We shall win with the fire and the blood, Hallelujah!

CAPT. CORNINGHAM.

OBDEN.—We are fighting for King Jesus who never lost a battle, in His strength we fight. Since our last report we have seen four cry for mercy. We mean victory.

CAPT. ROBINSON.

Sin-sick People.

WEST WINCHESTER.—Hallelujah! Here we are in West Winchester, a beautiful little town on the O. P. R. God has sent us here to work with Him. We are having some blessed times. His spirit is working upon the people, many are sick of sin. The prayer of our hearts is that they may fall into the soul-cleansing fountain and get saved. Through God we shall win.

CAPT. OAKEAD.

OTTAWA I.—Again we can report victory. Jesus is precious! Souls are getting saved; soldiers are getting better. Hallelujah!

CAPT. HEMMINGS.

CORNWALL.—We are thankful to God this morning that we again can report victory. This past week has been a blessed one to one souls, God is with us. We have seen two prodigals return to the fold, Hallelujah! Our Sunday night meeting was powerful, people could not leave the building, they seemed spellbound. Our prayer is God is that they shall be so troubled on account of sin that they shall have to yield. Our Jesus shall conquer.

CAPT. M. WATSON.

BROOKVILLE.

Brockville braves are still at war,
Roving through *the devil's domain*;
Onward move the gospel car,
Crushing sin sinners and leaving them slain.

Keenly as Satan feels his loss,
Vainly still he tries to stand—
"Invincible I will here be boss,"
Loudly he shouts on every hand.
Little by little he is losing ground,
Every week some have Jesus found.

THE ONE-LEGGED PROPHET.

Freedom for Three.

RENFREW.—Praise God, this morning finds us well saved and trusting in God for all things. *Since* last report we have seen three precious souls come to Jesus, and praise God, He set them free, and today they are praising God with clean hearts. To God be all the glory.

LIEUT. WILSON.

Hamilton Division.

Soul Stirring Times.

PORT ROWAN.—It is with joy that I can report victory in and through your column of the wonderful soul stirring meetings which we had in this port. Glory be to God, we went in sowing the seed for to bring forth fruit for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. Precious God, we see the seed growing, and also reaped a good harvest for God. Glory! all done this past week. Our prayer is that God will save more and more till all shall be brought to Jesus.

CAPT. WILL A. FOY.

Found Guilty.

OHSWEKEN.—Still we continue to convince the ungodly that they are guilty of breaking the laws of God, and that unless repented of, they shall have to bear the penalty of eternal death. There has been three come out this week and got relief. Confessed their guilt and determination to live for God in the future. Pray for us, for we do for you.

LIEUT. D. PERRY.

Once Wrong, Now Right.

HAGERSVILLE.—Glory to God! Our hearts are filled with joy this morning as we look over the past week. Since coming here God has blessed and helped us. His presence was felt in every meeting. Already one lad who had loved Jesus, but had got wrong in his soul, got right again, and is to-day a brave and bold worker for God. Another, a poor, drunken lad, saying him the second day after he got saved, *he said the device for drink was gone*, and he was glad that he had come to Jesus. Yesterday, from knee-drill till the close of the day, God wonderfully blessed us. In the afternoon we held our meeting on the street corner. One of the hotel-keepers gave us leave to have it in front of his hotel. God bless him! Our prayer is that God will save him. As we stood there and told the people about Jesus' dying love, tears stole down their cheeks, and when we knelt to pray and close, some Christian people knelt with us. I feel very afraid for this corps. We have some soldiers who are willing to go all lengths for God.

CAPT. LIZZIE SHAW.

Curious Things.

DUNDAS.—Well, I do declare, we are neither dead nor sleeping. God has given us the command, "Awake to righteousness and sin no more." We are "holding the fort," and keeping up a constant fire on the enemy by our lives and everything we do. Of course people say lots of curious things about us, but what do we care? On we go, determined to die in the fight. The Red Shirt Brigade from Hamilton have paid us a visit, and a rare time we had. The devil's kingdom was made to tremble. We are praying and believing and fighting for victory and better times, and they are sure to come. Everybody pray for Hundas in the valley.

CAPT. F. YEREX.

Joys of God's Salvation.

WATERDOWN.—Since last report we have had some good times here. The Welsh Minstrel was with us for a while, and he not only pleased the people with his beautiful songs and music, but also gave them some solid truths which made some of them wince, and will yet, we believe, be the means of helping them to decide for Christ. Capt. Frank Yerex and his Lieut. the jail-bird, will be now in London, England, we also trust, *us*, and some of the Dundas blood-and-fire braves, and all did good service for the Master. Crowds small, but meetings good this last week. Several deeply convicted, and Saturday night one young man, a backslider, came back to Jesus, and He restored unto him the joys of His salvation, and in his testimony on Sunday night he said he meant to be a soldier even if his parents and every earthly friend forsook him. It was through his parents, both professing Christians, that he left the Army and backslid before. Our prayer is that God may save them. Another brother, converted some time ago but unwilling to come right out, has taken the platform, and marches and means to be a soldier too, so keep believing for an enrolment here. Comrades, pray for Waterdown.

CAPT. HATTIE YEREX.

Conviction Deep.

Erie Port for out look the on keep so, soon here corps fire and blood prayer a have shall we; power of times are meetings holiness our, victory us giving is God our truly; conviction deep and fair order good meetings; more the on still is Erie Port.—ERIE PORT.

CAPT. PEPPER.

HAMILTON. — Hallelujah! We are still "holding the fort" here for Jesus. This week has been good week with us, and in spite of the warm weather and rain, everything is moving on at Hamilton No. 1. I believe we have had some of the most powerful open-airs this week of any week since we came here, and it must result in the salvation of souls. Soldiers' meeting and Holiness meeting very good. Friday night one backslider and one sinner sought peace at the cross. Saturday night two precious souls saved. Sunday morning was a melting time, and six soldiers who were under condemnation squared up account with God at the penitent form. Glory to Jesus! We had a children's jubilee Thursday night. A wonderful time; grand march; little girls all in red with white sashes, and boys with yellow, red and blue sashes, and all were kissed paper caps, yellow, red, and blue. We held a short open-air on King, but the crowd was so tremendous we had to move on. Everybody was delighted, and we are thinking of repeating it soon. Altogether God is blessing us and we are believing for greater victories.

CAPT. LUE KEETON.

Now, you Bandsmen!
This Applies to You!!

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

Seven more men for the Household Troops' Band, who can read Music at sight. Have you volunteered? If not, now is the time—Hurry up!

Coming Events

Colonel Bailey,
(Chief Secretary)
VISITS:

VICTORIA, B.C.	June 27, 28
WESTMINSTER, B.C.	July 1, 2
KAMLOOPS, B.C.	July 17

Training Home Division.

Anniversary Demonstration
AT
BRANTFORD,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday, July 13th, 14th, 15th.
LED BY
MAJOR MARGETTS.
Palmerston Division.

Great Camp Meetings,
AT MOOREFIELD,
FIVE DAYS,
JULY 13th to 17th (INCLUSIVE).

Great Time Expected. "Guelph Brass Band, and "Silver Cornet Brigade" from London.

Hallelujah Wedding.

COMMISSIONER TO THE FRONT.

Staff-Capt. Banks
WILL VISIT:
PORT PERRY, Saturday, Sunday, July 13, 14
LINDSAY, Sat., Sun., Mon., July 20, 21, 22
Great Training Home Meetings.

Now, you Bandsmen!
This Applies to You!!

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

Seven more men for the Household Troops' Band, who can read Music at sight. Have you volunteered? If not, now is the time—Hurry up!

"HOLY LIVING,"
— OR —
What the S.A. Teaches about Sanctification,
By the General.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE
HELMETS?
They are Excellent and very Convenient for Summer wear.

PRICE 50 CENTS EACH.

They are Going! Going!! Going!!!
Hurry up and Secure one!

THE BOUND Canadian "WAR CRY"
FOR

1885 reduced to	...	50c
1887 "	...	$1.00
1888 "	...	1.50

These are rare and special bargains. Send with the order enough cash to cover expenses.

Bound Volumes of the WAR CRY, for 1887, can be had of MAJOR MAGNOTTA, 77 Ulster Street, Toronto.

"The Holy Ghost"

Don't fail to get a Copy of the Pamphlet by
MRS. BOOTH,
— OF —
"THE HOLY GHOST."
PRICE 5 CENTS.

NOTICE!

Sick and Wounded and Poor Officers' Fund.

SUNDAY, JULY 7TH, was the day appointed for the Afternoon Collection for this Fund.

It must be apparent to all that the expenses in this direction are continuously heavy, and I invite the hearty co-operation of all Officers and Soldiers and Friends to use every effort to make the Special Offering a success.

The amounts received from every Corps will be published in the WAR CRY of July 20th.

Notice to Bandsmen!

In WAR CRY No. 226 we inserted a complete list of the Band Journal in stock from No. 20 to No. 77. We now insert the latest numbers which we have in stock and the list will be very useful to Bandsmen in general.

(Cut this out for Reference.)

No. 20.—Jesus came with Peace; Now I am Trusting in Jesus; The Cross now Covers my Sin.
No. 21.—Roll the old Chariot Along; The Cleansing Blood.
No. 23.—Nothing but Thy Blood can Cleanse me; Come, March Along; Let me hear Thy Voice now Speaking.
No. 24.—Place in the Army for all; Hallelujah.
No. 25.—Faith's Accept; Trusting.
No. 26.—Fighting for Victory; Oh, Tarry.
No. 27.—Salvation Doctor; The Army Bolt of Blue.
No. 29.—Army of the Brave; Far Away Across the Sea; Stop Poor Sinner.
No. 30.—Christmas Home time; The Voice of the Lost.
No. 32.—Beyond the River; True as Steel; Behold the Saviour.
No. 33.—Saviour draw Nearer; Sing Glory, Glory; Under the Flag.
No. 34—Fight for God and Souls; Winning Precious Souls; Joy Without Alloy.
No. 37.—Careless Sinner; He is Bringing to His Fold; Oh how He Loves.
No. 96.—Trumpets call to War; The Army's Going Up.
No. 97.—We've Enlisted "All the World"; In the Ranks.
No. 98.—Sound out the Gospel Message; Jesus Must me.
No. 99.—Forward with Sword and Drum; Roll on the Gospel Chariot; Loaded up in Glory.
No. 100.—A Crown of Peace; End and Weary; Christ is Mine.
No. 101.—Never Quit the Field; Praise the Lord I am Saved; The Judgment Throne.
No. 102.—Glory to God; Come to Me; Oh Let the Saviour Come in.
No. 103.—Never say Die (Mus. Sal., March, 1889); Ye Must be Born Again (Mus. Sal., Nov. 1888).
No. 104.—This is Why I Love my Jesus (Mus. Sal., May, 1889); Sinners Coming Home (Mus. Sal., Oct., 1888); Old Hundredth.

Price, 40 Cents per Set of 13 Sheets or 3 Sets for $1.

"HOLINESS,"
An Address by Mrs. Booth.
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

BROOTE HOME.

A Friend, Barrie, $6 00; Mr. Davis, $5 00; Captain McPherson, $5 00; Wm. Gooderham, $200 00; a friend, Orangeville, $1 00; Mr. Thom, $5 00; friends, Brantford, $14 00; a friend, Meaford, $2 00; a friend, $1 00; Miss Oxford, $1 00; a friend, $2 00; Miss Scott, $1 00; a friend, $1 00; friend, Detroit, $3 00; friends, Victoria, B.C., $2 00; friend per Mrs. Glover, 20c; Lady, Peterboro' $1; three friends per Cadet Greek, $3 00; Parent obeliens, Fisher; friend, pair of boots; friend, Toronto, socks.

BRUNSWICK HOME.

Mrs. Munn, Queen Street, Stoneworkers; Mr. Lloyd, Carlton Street; Mr. Hayes, Bond St.; Schmidt, Jewed Mr. Barrow, Church Street, Meat; Mr. Dent, Church Street, Meat; Mr. Spence, Yonge; Mrs. Collins, Bay Street, Fish; Mr. Cotton, Yonge Street, Fish; Mr. Wright, Yonge Street, Fish; Mr. Mills, Meat; Mr. Norris, Yonge Street, Meat; Mrs. Parker, Sutton Village, Flowers; Mr. Hendershot, Trees; Mr. Campbell, Queen St., Bakery.

—THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST.

SOMETHING NEW ARRIVED!

A Double-Sized Number, being the
JUNE SUPPLEMENT NUMBER,
containing the contents of the year's volume. It also contains the following Words and Music:

1 Poor Fallen Me. 2. The Stage at the Door. 3. Via Crucis via Lucis. 4. Faith's Accept. 5. The Dying Saint. 6. Thou Art with me. 7. Jesus Which was Crucified is Near. 8. Have Faith in God. 9. The Wondrous Cleansing Tide. 10. Before the Cross. 11. Tempted and Tried. 12. Eternal Christ of Love. 13. We've Enlisted. 14. Though lonely Tempest Tossed. 15. Christ Died but Rose Again. 16. Our Lord, the Christ goes Forth to War.

ONLY A FEW LEFT.

Price 30 Cents per Number.

WHAT ABOUT
"ALL THE WORLD," FOR JULY?

Well, it is exquisite, just a beauty. Look at the contents in next week's WAR CRY, and ask your Captain for one.

THEY SELL LIKE HOT OAKES.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

To accommodate City Soldiers, this Department will be open every Tuesday Night until 8 o'clock.

SEALY-CAPT. WALTON.

MISSING

All advertisements here are inserted free of charge. Owing to the great demand for space in this column we cannot, for the present, undertake to insert any advertisement longer than three consecutive times.

WILLIAM WHITE, Engine Driver L. & N. Railway, last heard of 16 years ago. Any information concerning him, or any of his relatives will be gladly received by his brother, Joe White, Owen Sound, Ont. English "War Cry" please copy. 13,7,89.

JOHN R. ANDERSON, who had a farm on Otter Water, Wright County, Minnesota, in the year 1871, and last heard from at Lakeland, Washington County, Minnesota. His father, Peter Anderson, Nelson County, North Dakota, wants to know of his present whereabouts. 13,7,89.

BENJAMIN BAKES left Campbellford, Canada, August, 1877, last heard from in Alma, 1886, was in Florence, Mariva Co., Kansas. Should this come under his eye, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, would please communicate with his brother, Fred Bakes, Box 704, Woodstock, Canada. All American "Crys" please copy. 13,7,89.

Would EBENEZER SQUIRES, who left St. John's in June, 1858, in the vessel "Clara," and has never been heard from since, write to his father, Ebenezer Squires, St. John's, Newfoundland. English "Cry" please copy. 13,7,89.

JOHN DUNHAM, who left Greenville, Ont., 20 years ago, was last heard of in Oil City, Pa., U.S.A. His sister, Phoebe Shilton, would be glad to hear from him or any friends concerning him. Address Phoebe Shilton, Leamington, Ont. American "Cry" please copy. 13,7,89.

If this should meet the eye of PETER GREENFIELD, who left Montreal on July 25, '79, will he write to his brother John, 64 Bleecker Street, Montreal, who has good news for him. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, will do well to do the same. 13,7,89.

CHAS. CRABB and THOS. CRABB, who left their home in Lodderswell, Devonshire, England, about 32 and 30 years (respectively) ago in H. M. Service. When last heard of Chas. was in the Lighthouse service in America, and Thos. was in Vancouver B.C. Their sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholson, North Sydney, Cape Breton, N.S., would be pleased to receive any information concerning either or both. All "Crys" please copy. 13,7,89.

FRED FOYLE, painter by trade, 28 years old last September, who left his home eight years ago last November, and was last heard from in Boston, Mass., 5 years ago. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts please write to Mrs. Foyle, Chatham, N. B. 6,7,89.

MRS. MASTERS.—Any information as to her whereabouts, last heard from at 46 City Road, St. John, N. B., would be gratefully received by Capt. J. E. Milner, 165 Lippincott St., Toronto, Ont. 5,7,89.

WILLIAM McIVOR, who left his home in Chatham, N. B., seven years ago, last heard of in San Francisco. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please write to his mother, Mrs. Ann McIver, Chatham, N. B. American War Cry please copy. 5,7,89.

JAMES MONIHAN.—This boy left his home in Walkerton, last heard of in Cadillac, Mich. His father is very anxious about him. Will anyone knowing his whereabouts write to Mr. Johnston, baker, Walkerton, Ont. American Cry please copy. 5,7,89.

ROBIN BOOTH, who was a business man in Goderich. Wanted to know his whereabouts. Any information will be kindly received by Eliza Booth, 97 Queen St. West, Toronto. 6,7,89.

Charles Dwinnell, now living in Hillsdale, is very anxious to hear from his brother, DAVID DWINNELL, last heard from in Belleville. Any information from anyone of where he is will be thankfully received. Address, Charles Dwinnell, Hillsdale, Ont. 6,7,89.

DAN SMITH, brass finisher, of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, last seen in Manchester about seven years ago. His brother Albert, who came to Canada about the same time, will be very glad to hear from him or anyone knowing his whereabouts please send address to Albert Smith, Delaware Avenue, Toronto. 6,7,89.

ANN CASLER was last heard of in Devonport, England, six years ago. Any information in regard to the above will be thankfully received by Mrs. Joseph Christie, Peterboro, or Mrs. John Storey, Millbrook. English War Cry please copy. 6,7,89.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

ONE CENT PER COPY, 60 cents per annum. Printed with all S. A. publications, at the PENNY PRINTING HOUSE, 12 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the Army, Salvation Articles by the General, Mrs. Booth and Adjutant and Brown, for Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effective way to spread Salvation than by loyally supporting the circulation of THE WAR CRY, which is intended, not merely to entertain and instructthe readers of the Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more aggressive and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the Devil and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the Devil and to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Printed, with all S.A. publications, at the PENNY PRINTING HOUSE, 12 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

The War Cry
The All Round the World
AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.
REGISTERED JUNE 1885
VOL. V. No. 247. TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 20TH, 1889. PRICE 5 CENTS.

Burned to Death.

Not many months ago one of the noblest and most daring deeds of bravery took place. Joe Sieg was an engine driver. For years he had been a faithful man, faithfully filling his post, driving his train from one station to another. Monotonous work this appears to those whose lives are spent in the hustle and hustle of a business world, and yet Joe's position, though apparently menial, required no shirking, for hundreds of precious lives were entrusted to his care. On a certain day the train was full of passengers. Old and young, rich and poor formed that precious cargo. None of these travellers had noticed a peculiar smell of smoke, and thinking it came from the engine they lowered the windows, but as they entered a narrow valley or cut a glare lit up each coach. Eager heads were pushed out of the windows and then a piercing, fearful cry is heard, *"We're lost! — the train's on fire."* The engine had become a mass of flames, and so frightened were the drivers that they let the train take its course. The increased rapidity fanned the flames, and the last hope was to reach the lever, the only means of stopping the train. Shrieks and yells of agony from terrified men and women rent the air, but onward speed the train with its living freight of six hundred souls. *"Can no one save us?"* was the general cry. Just at this moment Joseph Sieg came forward, and in a calm, collected manner shouted, "I'll try." He pulled his cap on his cap well down, and with a long-drawn sigh he started on his journey for a *stand-up fight with grim death.* All eyes were riveted on him as he crawled into the smoke, which enveloped him on every hand, so that he could not be seen. A burst of flame, however, showed that he was still crawling on to reach the lever, but all the time the train dashed madly on. "He'll never do it." "He's burnt to death," shouted the frenzied passengers. But gradually the train slackened speed and one by one the rescued people leaped to the ground. But poor Joe Sieg lies upon the burning mass, with his limbs fearfully tortured. The red hot bars seared his flesh. Men rushed to pick him up, *but all "too late,"* and he lies a corpe in the hands of those he had saved.

Marvellous and wonderful bravery this, but "God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." This true story should bring before our readers with more vividness than ever the awful, ever-increasing crowd of men and women who are travelling with terrific and terrible speed to eternal destruction. The theatres, gambling-houses, saloons and dives are full of mental, physical, and spiritual wrecks, who are in a far worse condition than those in the above ill-fated train. Amid all their debauchery and sin goes out the cry from their souls, "Who can give us help?" My dear comrades, fellow-officers and soldiers, will you not more than ever forget yourself and rush to the rescue of these teeming millions of sinners? In spite of all odds, be brave and fearless in the fight.

And just a word to Salvation soldiers. In spite of all the calls which have recently gone forth through the colums of the WAR CRY, and in the face of the terrible floods and accidents which are daily sweeping thousands into eternity; what means this terrible lethargy and carelessness on your part? Are not all these things direct and distinct calls for you to rush out to the battle's front? Nine hundred and twenty-eight officers are to-day fighting and battling against sin in the Canadian field, and the hearts of each one cry out, "Lord, send more labourers into the harvest field." The sin of procrastination is bad enough in matters of business, but oh, how terrible it is to put off these calls, human and divine, and say by your careless actions, "Let somebody else save the world. I will enjoy myself and take it easy." My comrades, beware! beware!! beware!!! There is a Reckoning-day coming, there is a Judgment Bar where all these unused talents, all these days and years of wasted life will be dragged before you, and then, as Jesus, the Man of Sorrows, gazes upon you, what will you do? How will you face Him? Be up and doing!

WAR CRY.